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OF

POEMS,

By the Reverend

JOSEPH WISE,

Rector of Penhurst, Sussex.

LONDON:

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ERRATA.

Page	line	
10	15	for *repeating* r. *repenting*.
27	17	*yet*, r. *get*.
33	8	*Enipcus*, r. *Enipeus*.
44	16	*emyloy*, r. *employ*.
49	24	*ſeated*, r. *ſealed*.
55	5	r. *with* a ſenſeleſs joy.

A

MISCELLANY

OF

POEMS.

The INTRODUCTION.

SEE the GODDESS MUSE deſcend!
All ye minſtrelſy of ſong,
At her gentle ſide attend;
Hallow'd virgins come along!

Sober *Silence*, ſolemn gueſt!
Solitude, thou penſive maid!
Calm *Content*, forever bleſt!
Tend her thro' the ſylvan ſhade.

Fancy gay, her train adorn
In the airy walks of flow'rs!
Smile, ſoft pearly-eyed *Morn*!
Muſic, warble in her bowr's!

Piety, with flaming wing;
Hope, with aſpect ever fair,
Your celeſtial nectar bring,
Sureſt anodyne of care.

Happy *raptures*, ever warm;
Generous *ardors*, ever glow;
Life without you knows no charm;
Nature is a waſte of woe.

Pleaſure drop the harlot ſmile;
Modeſt in her train appear:
Folly hence; and odious *Guile*,
Tremble at Ithuriel's ſpear *.

Welcome in thy native white,
Young-ey'd *Innocence*; with thee,
Blythe in robes of ſilver light,
Mildly ſweet *Simplicity*.

Circled thus, ye FAIR! behold
Majeſty poetic tread,
Blazing in a cloud of gold,
Starry-crown'd her beauteous head.

Twine your chaplets, ſtrew your roſes;
Rev'rence your auſpicious gueſt!

While

* See MILTON's Paradiſe Loſt, Book IV. line 810.

While ſhe ſtudiouſly compoſes,
Pleaſures for each gentle breaſt.

ODE XIII.

BOOK I. Of HORACE.

Reſembling the celebrated Ode of SAPPHO.

O *Liddy*, while you praiſe the charms,
The roſy neck, the waxen arms
Of gentle *Teleph*—woe my heart!
It ſwells and burns with bitter ſmart.
My reaſon loſt, my color gone,
A ſtarting tear diſtilling down,
Are ſymptoms ſad of fierce deſire,
The raging glow of jealous fire.
Your lily boſom, ſoftly fine,
Has he beſotly ſtain'd with wine,
Your ruby lip has he impreſs'd,
What madding anguiſh ſtings my breaſt!

But O my kind ſuggeſtion hear!
He will not, cannot, be ſincere;
You'll quickly loſe a fop, like this,
Who rudely ſpoils the balmy kiſs,
Which Venus, wantonly profuſe,
Dip'd thrice in rich nectareous dews.

Superlatively

Superlatively bleſt, and more,
Are they whoſe raptures know no ſhore;
Whoſe paſſion ſanctify'd from ſtrife,
Will only terminate with life.

The CELEBRATED ODE *of* SAPPHO.

SOME youthful God in blooming pride
Seems he to me, as by your ſide
He ſits, and ay to you, by whiles,
So fondly whiſpers, ſweetly ſmiles.

That moment, *Sappho*, ſick'ning, felt
Her heart within her boſom melt.

Ah, when I look'd on thee, too bleſt,
A riſing ſob my voice ſuppreſs'd;
My tongue relax'd; a ſudden glow
Thro' all my nerves did, trembling, flow:
My eyes grew dim, my ears did knell,
My blood did thrill; I turn'd more pale
Than blighted ozier; faint I lay;
My very life diſſolv'd away.

Yet ſhall not hope forſake my breaſt,
Tho' poorly ſlighted and depreſs'd.

SAPPHO'S HYMN *to* VENUS.

O Mighty *Venus!* Queen divine!
Intriguing princeſs of the ſkies!
Regard a Votary of thine,
Oppreſs'd with ſorrow, faint with ſighs.

Hear, I adjure by Love's dread pow'r!
My wonted voice, you oft did hear,
When, leaving Jove's imperial tow'r,
You deign'd to baniſh all my fear.

Your pretty ſparrows quiv'ring flew
Along the ſtill pellucid air,
As you in lovely pomp they drew,
All-ſmiling in your pearly chair.

Soon did you light; your birds return;
Divinely courteous, then you ſaid,
"Why does my darling *Sappho* mourn?
"Why calls my charmer for my aid?

"Say whence this tender phrenzy roſe?
"Ah, whom ſhall ſoft perſwaſion move?
"Or whom Love's ſilken net incloſe?
"What cruel youth ſlights *Sappho*'s love?

"Tho'

" Tho' now he ſhuns, he ſhall purſue ;
" Tho' preſents ſcorns, ſhall preſents give ;
" Tho' he diſdains, he ſoon ſhall bow,
" And humbly your commands receive."

Once more, O goddeſs ! quell my grief ;
Appeaſe the torments of deſpair :
Vouchſafe my ſoul divine relief,
Thou potent queen of am'rous war !

ODE XLVI.

Of ANACREON.

WITHOUT love 'tis pain to live ;
Love itſelf much pain doth give :
O, but greateſt is the pain,
Still to love and never gain.

Beauty ſlights the noble born ;
Spurns the wiſe and good with ſcorn ;
Gold, the dear unrival'd prize,
Charms alone all charming eyes.

Periſh wretch ! whoſe boſom vile,
Firſt admir'd the ſhining ſoil.

Brothers

Brothers thence no brother know;
Parents thence no parents grow:
Murders, wars, diſtruſt, diſguiſe,
Hateful paſſions thence ariſe:
Worſt of all, vile gold deſtroys
Noble love, with all its joys.

ODE III.

BOOK I. Of HORACE,

(Intreating a proſperous Voyage for his Friend Virgil) imitated.

NOW, to guide the floating keel,
Brighteſt Conſtellations, glow!
Boiſterous Boreas, peace, be ſtill!
All propitious Breezes blow!

Swiftly waft the veſſel o'er,
O'er the rough and rapid wave;
Safely waft her keel aſhore:
Half my ſoul defend and ſave!

Adamant and braſs did fold
Thrice his daring boſom round,
Who, in ſlender veſſel, bold,
Ventur'd firſt the wild profound.

Dreaded

Dreaded He the furious blaſt,
When the ſouth and north engage,
When black tempeſts overcaſt,
And tremendous thunders rage?

Fear'd he death in all its forms,
Who, unmov'd, ſea-monſters ſaw,
Tumbling billows, howling ſtorms,
And the pointed rocks below?

God in vain with ſeas divides
Rival realms, unfriendly ſhores,
While on the forbidden tides
Speed our impious ſails and oars.

Bold and enterprizing man
Ruſhes on to ev'ry ill:
Father *Adam*, in the van,
Stole the fruit, ordain'd to kill.

Since he dar'd that deed of ſhame,
Violating love and fear,
Swarms of ſtrange diſeaſes came,
Seiz'd on earth, and ſettled here.

Far behind, at firſt, and ſlow
Death purſu'd the human race;

Now no more he loiters ſo;
Vengeance bids him mend his pace.

Grandeur, graciouſly deny'd,
Babel-architects explor'd;
Some, with more amazing pride,
Sought to be as Gods ador'd.

Nothing's human views above;
Folly tempts the very ſky.
Sin will never ſuffer Jove
To lay his glowing thunders by.

ODE IV.

BOOK I. Of HORACE, imitated.

NOW vernal ſun-ſhine, milder breezes
Diſſipate the winter's cold:
A cloiſter'd life no longer pleaſes,
Since the rural ſcenes unfold.

Gay Love leads forth, with ſong and dancing,
All the tenants of the plain;
And Beauty, virgin-like advancing,
Chears and charms the ſoul of man.

Love

Love, praiſe and thankful adoration
To the glorious God are due,
Who made, ſuſtains, adorns creation,
Painting Nature's ſcenes anew.

Grim Death with equal pace approaches
Cots of clowns and courts of kings:
The brevity of life reproaches
Hopes prolong'd in tranſient things.

What mortal knows, O friend beloved!
Who Death's victim next ſhall fall?
Moſt happy he, if well approved
By the Lord and Judge of all.

Be wiſe, the worſt of ills preventing;
Now the path of life explore!
When trial's paſt is no repenting;
Grace withdraws, and hope's no more.

The MORNING.

NOW ſmiles the morning; freſh the verdure ſeems,
Bepearl'd with dew: The ſhining ſilver ſtreams
Glide moſt delightful: all the feather'd choir
To ſwell the voice of general joy conſpire:
The Sun, grand fountain of ethereal rays,
From the horizon pours a golden blaze.

Far

Far the wide ocean of his fulgence ſhews
The pow'r and goodneſs of the Sovereign Cauſe;
And at the view, lo, general Nature, gay,
Riſes to hail the Lord of new-born day.

While the creation labors thus to raiſe
(And all too weak!) the high Creator's praiſe.
Shall man be ſilent, lordly man, ſo bleſt
With dignity and favor o'er the reſt?
Will favor'd man no gratitude repay
For love, which lights the glorious orb of day?
For love, which pours the treaſures of the ſoil,
The ſweets of eaſe, and the rewards of toil?
For love, which bow'd th' eternal heav'ns, and join'd
The Lord of glory with the humankind?
Conſider this, ye ſons of duſt! and raiſe
Your loftieſt anthems to your Maker's praiſe.

Behold how Nature gradually deſcends!
On juſt connexion, like a chain, ſuſpends:
The moral kinds in bliſsful order move,
Rul'd and connected by the pow'r of love:
Combin'd by love, that univerſal law,
Bond of perfection, fountain pure, whence flow
The ſocial harmonies, the virtues bright,
Religion holy—all the train of light.
Will man this ſacred principle deſtroy,
In him the taſte, in God the ſpring of joy?

Will

Will man, forſaking Nature's reaſon's rule,
Expoſe the reas'ner a delib'rate fool?
Conſider this, ye ſons of duſt! and raiſe
Your holieſt raptures to your Maker's praiſe.

At firſt, the wiſe, juſt, good, eternal Mind
His noble works from evil free deſign'd:
Order and peace once reign'd throughout the whole
Soundneſs of body, happineſs of ſoul:
(Thus reaſon's voice—It muſt be underſtood;
Elſe how is God or wiſe, or juſt, or good?)
Immortal life had joys immortal known,
Bliſs and perfection, love and duty one;
Had man not ſinn'd, by Satan's guile betray'd,
And ſuffer'd juſtly for the choice, he made.
To prove how heinous ſin, the curſe deſcends;
And but thro' trial and redemption ends.
Conſider this, ye ſons of duſt! and know
How good, how ſacred, is the perfect law.

Now feeble enmity, ſuſtain'd by pride,
And glimmering reaſon, man's bewilder'd guide,
Self-guarding and ſelf-guiding, but expoſe
The wretched being to endleſs crimes and woes;
Until the holy *Spirit*, wing'd with light,
Oe'r-ſhadow man with ſanctifying might;
His health reſtore, from ſecond chaos born;
And all his ſoul with righteouſneſs adorn.

To gain this boon was *Chriſt* content to die,
At once to reconcile and ſanctify.
Conſider this, ye ſons of duſt! and pray
For that beſt gift, a ſanctifying ray.

Nor think, that Grace reſiſtleſs aid imparts,
To guide men's judgments, or to mend their hearts:
But like the Sun, which vital radiance ſheds
O'er humble vales and lofty mountain-heads,
It ſhines on all ſufficient,—oft in vain!
Unleſs you till the ſoil, expect no grain:
The talents giv'n with diligence improve;
Or hope no new acceſſions from above.
Or ſtrong, or weak, or bright, or dull thy mind,
To ſerve the Maker was the work deſign'd:
To his high glory bend thy ſtrength and ſkill;
So grace ſhall wing thy thought, and nerve thy will.
Conſider this, ye ſons of duſt, and riſe
With ev'ry faculty to meet the ſkies.

An IRREGULAR ODE.

DUST *to duſt!*—O ſolemn ſound!
This florid, active, curious frame
Shortly muſt loſe life, form and name;
And be no more than common ground.

With

With titles honor'd, and in badges dreſs'd,
In council wiſe, in fields of ſlaughter brave,
The Great, our mortal Gods, like all the reſt,
Muſt ſink diſhonor'd in the gloomy grave.

The medal and the ſumptuous buſt
At length will crumble into duſt:
All the arts of fame decay;
All the hopes of pride betray;
And all to void oblivion die away!

" Luxury, open all thy ſtores,
" Genial charms, indulgent pow'rs;
" With careleſs Plenty, wanton Eaſe,
" Splendor's ev'ry grace to pleaſe,
" With Beauty, Muſic, Dance and Song,
" Charming Luxury! come along!
" Life is ſhort; and all its treaſure
" Is a little fleeting pleaſure:
" Fame's a breath and Virtue vain:
" Let Indolence, let Pleaſure reign!

What!--paltry Joy! inglorious Eaſe!
Senſe indulge, and Reaſon quit!
Is it ſpirit, is it wit
To ſink in folly and diſeaſe?

Do ſuch delights beſeem the wiſe?
Ah, where is truth? where ſocial ties?
Is there no high reverſion in the skies?

" 'Tis

" 'Tis wiſe to follow nature's road;
" For nature is the law of God."
Ah, what but God's and reaſon's voice
Shall mark the path, decide the choice?
Senſe deprav'd, and reaſon blind,
Wretched is the human mind:
But this by all confeſs'd is ſtill,
Whate'er does miſchief muſt be ill:
Conſequences ever prove
The bad of ſelfiſh, good of ſocial love.

Superlatively bleſt are they,
Who, nobly paſſion'd, ſcorn to ſtay!
As ſaints mature, ſo mortals here
Find bliſs alone in Virtue's ſphere.
Woe to Av'rice, Pride and Luſt,
When white-rob'd Prieſt pronounces--"*Duſt to duſt.*"

HEAVEN.

FROM real ſcenes, obſcure and dull,
Softly ſtole, my Fancy play
'mong fair ideals, where in full
Bloom the lovlieſt tints of May.

We claſp each dear deceit, that brings
Fancy'd joy, diſpelling care;
Then, Fancy, wave thy roſy wings;
Lightly revel, light as air.

O Waft

O Waft me from this guilty vale;
Waft me to that happy ſhore,
Where humble Innocence ſhall dwell,
Holy Charities adore;

Zeal, Gratitude and Rev'rence meek,
See the uncreated Light;
And hear the awful GLORY ſpeak,
Raviſh'd with bliſs infinite.

The time approaches, when this world
Shall, like us its dwellers, fall;
And, all to ſecond chaos hurl'd,
Conflagration ſwallow all.

Then, at the voice of God ſhall riſe,
From the ruins of the old,
A new bright earth and happy ſkies,
An eternal age of gold,

This heavenly fabric ſhall diſplay
Scenes tranſcendently ſublime,
Which not thro' boundleſs years decay,
Beauties never chang'd with time.

Here rocks of diamond, meads of roſes,
Groves of cedar, myrtle ſhades,
Where Health ſtill wanders and repoſes,
Pleaſure ſports with all her maids,

Of

Of herbs and flow'rs, to ſight and ſmell
Rich and rare, the carpet lies;
Ambroſian fragrance theſe exhale,
Theſe delight admiring eyes.

Large rivers, clear as chryſtal, flow,
Murmuring on the pearly bed:
Balmy breezes whiſpering blow,
Juſt to wave the Pine-tree's head.

Here walls of Jaſper, tow'rs of Beryl,
Heav'nly architecture, ſhine:
High domes of chryſolite and pearl
Glitter on the plains divine.

Theſe are the bleſt hierarchal ſeats,
Where magnificence abounds;
Where innocence with pleaſure meets,
Holy muſic ever ſounds.

Here Muſes with inſpired ſkill
Sing; while Muſic tunes her voice;
With melody all ether fill:
All the bleſſed Choirs rejoice.

No ſun nor moon with changing light
Scatters groſs intemp'rate rays;
But God's own Glory ſhuts out Night,
Beaming with unclouded blaze.

Here ſhall the Saints, from Death reſtor'd,
Chang'd to Seraph-forms, be bleſt
More than e'er Eye or Ear explor'd,
Shrin'd in everlaſting reſt.

Here joyful friend with joyful friend
Meets, and joins the tender kiſs:
Endearment grows, no more to end,
High-enhanc'd by conſcious Bliſs.

And Parents fond their Children dear,
Snatched early to the tomb,
But now matur'd to Saints, meet here,
Shouting joyful—" welcome home!"

Whom Avarice aſunder rent,
Cruel Chance or Death controuls,
Embracing Lovers glowing vent
Flames uncheck'd, and mingle Souls.

Heroes contend no more, whoſe hate
Sunk them to untimely Graves.
Thrown by the idle farce of State,
Tyrants humble to their Slaves.

Bittereſt foes, met here at laſt,
Into warmeſt friendſhip grown,
Their little mean reſentments paſt
Quite forget, or bluſh to own.

Now

Now feel the ſmarting ſcourge no more
Negroes, baſely bought and ſold;
No wretched Captive dreads the oar;
Here no Harpies thirſt for gold.

The Poor's no more for meanneſs ſcorn'd;
Martyrs here forget the wheel:
All injur'd Innocents, who mourn'd,
Triumph glad on Sion-hill.

The Poor in Fortune, rich in Grace,
Bearing Sorrow, Toil and Pain,
Once righteous in their humble place,
Here in glory Princes reign,

Acclaiming Subjects flock around
Kings, who rul'd with equal ſway,
Atteſting well, that God has found
Faithful Theſe, as faithful They.

The Brave, the Liberal, the Juſt,
Truly great and good, content,
Aſk no mean honors of a buſt,
Grateful Souls their Monument.

To faithful Miniſters of Grace,
Praiſe, peculiar Praiſe is given;
Saints, whom they ſav'd, point as they paſs,
"That Man call'd my Soul to Heav'n!"

The

The Bliſs imperial of theſe plains,
(Want whereof wou'd heav'n deſtroy)
The Bliſs of Love eternal reigns;
Love eternal fount of Joy!

One large all-comprehending Love,
Noble, happy, conſtant flame,
Connects the glorious ranks above,
Saints and Angels, ev'ry Name.

Millions of rival Ardors glow!
Thou adored SOURCE of ALL!
From whom all Beings, Comforts, flow!
Millions at thy footſtool fall!

For Love and Gratitude and Awe
Fix all hearts and thoughts on Thee;
Thy glorious Grace, thy righteous Law,
Self-convincing, bend each knee.

O infinite tremendous God!
Whom no Being comprehends!
Eternal Something! at thy Nod,
Nature riſes, Nature ends:

On me, a Worm, with grace look down,
Pardon folly, ſuccour toil:
I know, I periſh at thy frown,
Gladden at thy pow'rful ſmile:

The

The Scene, advent'rous Fancy ſings,
Impotent, unſkill'd, untrue,
May I upborn on ſeraph-wings,
Rapt to full enjoyment, view!

An ODE.

LET others tune bewitching lays
To Wine's delights and Beauty's praiſe,
Abuſe the grape, debauch the fair:
Me, O Urania! ſtill inſpire!
Poſſeſs my ſoul with Heav'n's own fire,
Virtue my paſſion and my care.

Let learned Lux'ry cater feaſts;
'Till human kind be more than beaſts
Enſlav'd to Senſe by foul exceſs:
Let me be daily more refin'd
In all the graces of the mind;
And love all meaner pleaſures leſs.

The magic of luxurious Arts
A while inchants deluded hearts;
And gay deliriums charm the brain:
But Death or Sickneſs foils the whole;
And leaves the guilty hopleſs Soul,
O'erwhelm'd with horror, ſhame and pain.

Fix'd

Fix'd in my heart this Thought be ſtill,
Obedience to the ſov'reign will
Alone can happineſs ſecure.
Place Man in Paradiſe to-day,
If, impious, He will not obey,
He cannot happy long endure.

Vice, be it natural, if you pleaſe;
'Tis Nature's cankering ſore diſeaſe,
The bitter ſource of all our Woe.
To heal this Evil, JESUS dy'd:
O let the thought ſink human Pride,
And bend the ſtubborn Sinner low!

"*Repent!*" The God of mercy cries:
The Wanton laughs, the Sullen ſighs;
But few repent, reform and turn:
Sweet notes alluring Sin employs;
Inflaming to forbidden joys
With philtres flowing from her urn.

Smile on *my* ſuit, indulgent Skies!
"O purge my Reaſon's dimmed eyes!
"Unfold your glories to my view!
"Raiſe my deſires mean joys above;
"My boſom fill with holy love,
"Until I pant alone for you!"

An ODE.

FLY, faithleſs Viſions! Dreams of joy!
That only charm us to deſtroy!
Whoſe painted form and harlot ſmile
The vicious fooliſh heart beguile:
The bright conceits, ye glitterers raiſe,
Fruition evermore betrays.

Honor and Pleaſure, Wealth and Fame,
Which highly human hearts inflame,
Good are ye all, as ye conduce
To ſocial and to civil uſe;
Good, when poſſeſs'd by virtuous men:
'Tis Vice perverts you to be vain:
But, whom ye deign with ſmiles to bleſs,
Make ye their wants or wiſhes leſs?
Ah no! Like fire each paſſion grows;
The more the fuel, more it glows;
New cares, new fears, new pains ariſe;
Not Art and Nature find ſupplies:
Vain hearts muſt ake beneath a crown,
And agonize on beds of down!

The Paſſions, which enſlave the breaſt,
Are foes to nature, foes to reſt:
Far from their empire let me dwell,
Remov'd as far as heav'n from hell.

Give

Give me enough for Nature's needs:
If Heaven's indulgence that exceeds,
As duty, ſo my heart extends
To all the needy, and my friends.
Give me a calm and chearful mind,
Forever pious, firm and kind:
And let me never play the fool,
As weakly to forget my rule;
Nor place my happineſs in ſtate,
In ſcenes, where love and liquor wait,
In molten ores, in human breath,
Or ought within the reach of Death.

From the Greek of ALPHEUS, *the* MITYLENIAN.

I Wiſh no large Domain to hold;
Nor value I the charms of gold.
Content I love, my friend, you ſee:
Enough is luxury to me.

To JULIUS.

In IMITATION *of the Firſt* EPISTLE *of* BOOK I. *Of* HORACE, 1762.

THOU kind approver of my early ſtrain!
For Thee is nib'd the long neglected pen.
Indulge the whim, and not the dulneſs blame;
I never wrote a Candidate for Fame.

Some

Some friendly genius whiſpers—" *never do!*"
" *When fools enough, what need of Punch and you?*"
So hence away with Rhymes, and Pipe and Lyre:
Truth be my ſtudy, Virtue my deſire.
Sublimeſt Views my ſoaring thoughts employ,
Celeſtial glory and eternal joy.

Not in his hot nineteenth does Maſter John
Sigh more for Polly, or for twenty-one;
Not ſun-burnt ſlaves, compel'd with ruthleſs blows,
Long more for ev'ning cool, and free repoſe;
No dunce at ſchool, inur'd to whip and ſcorn,
More ardent wiſhes for a play-day-morn;
Than I—to know and gain that *beſt good Thing*,
Of equal benefit to Swain and King;
The which rejecting or neglecting long
Brings equal detriment to old and young.
The faireſt light, thank Heav'n! unveiled ſhines,
The guide and ſolace of my good deſigns.

Say, ſhould the blind ophthalmic unguents ſlight,
Becauſe deſpairing of an Eagle's ſight?
What wretch refuſes to expel the Gout,
Becauſe he cannot be as *Sampſon* ſtout?
Health's worth his pains.——Does Av'rice gnaw the breaſt,
Sure, there's a pill to purge the loathſome gueſt,
Bewitch'd

Bewitch'd with glory, there's a charm will eaſe
The dire enchantment; uſe it when you pleaſe.
For ſluggards, drunkards, lovers, there's a balm;
And none ſo raving, that it cannot calm.
Why, *Thinking*'s all!—Sure, that's no grievous
taſk:
But think with candor: That is all I aſk.
Virtue is ſhunning vice: Wiſdom's firſt Rule
Is nothing more, than, *Do not be a Fool.*
Reflect——what toil and coſt a man is at,
To gain a Borough or a large Eſtate.
The Merchant ſpreads his ſails, to India flies
From want, thro' ſtormy Seas and burning ſkies.
Pho! ſcorn the Traſh! Be not ſo blindly led!
But hear and learn; and truſt a better head.
Nay, from the Vulgar learn: Each boxing Blade
Would bruiſe the *Nailor* *, was he not afraid
Of bruiſes too; for Honor's ſomething fine
In all degrees; and all aſpire to ſhine.
But mark the prudence!—*Hobſon* underſtood
To want a leſſer for a greater good.
Go thou do likewiſe!——Silver yields to Gold;
And both to Virtue are but dirty mold.

" O Money! precious Money!—That acquire!
" 'Tis honor, pleaſure, all you can deſire!"
Thus

* A famous Bruiſer.

Thus rants each Wit, that plods at Gain and Loſs,
From high St. James's ſquare to Radcliffe-Croſs:
This hoary Chuffs to caſh-book Youth inſtill:
This edifies the Shopman o'er the till.
Some thouſands more is all *Bob*'s end and pray'r,
That he may fill a ſeat, or ride Lord May'r:
Adorn'd with all the gentleman, poor Bob,
Without thoſe pounds, muſt joſtle with the mob.
But hear what children ſay with better ſenſe,
"Be good, my dear! and you ſhall be a prince!"
Well ſpoke, pure Nature! There the glory lies!
To feel no guilty pangs and bluſhes riſe!
Does Roſcius, or the children who aſſign'd
Crowns to the good, think juſteſt in thy mind?
Adviſes beſt the friend, who bids you get,
(And fairly, if you can) a large eſtate;
(But yet however) 'till you can appear
Knight of the Shire, or haply rank a Peer;
Or he, who bids you Fortune's flaſh deride,
And generouſly ſcorn her empty pride?

If Britons aſk—"What makes this man not ſhare
The common notions, as the common air?"
I tell you, friends! The very ſame reply,
Old Reynard made the Lion, that will I.

"The prints all pointing in, and not one out,
"Appear ſo ſtrangely, I beg leave to doubt."

Stare

Stare not, good people, if I'm not like you:
Whom ſhou'd I copy! or whoſe end purſue?
Some thrive by trading; ſome to play reſort;
Some deal in ſtocks; and others cringe at Court;
All have their turns; the moſt by humor move;
And hourly vary in diſlike and love.

"No place on earth, ſome Great One ſays, excels
"*Brightelmſton*'s healthy coaſt, and *Tunbridge-wells*,"
Smit with the whim, to *Tunbridge-wells* he flies;
Brightbelmſton ſees the pleaſure-boxes riſe.
His fickly taſte to-morrow takes diſguſt;
Away packs he to *Bath* with equal luſt.
Has Love or Av'rice yok'd him to a wife,
How free and pleaſant ſeems a ſingle life!
If ſingle, then he pants to have a mate;
And ſwears, *not heav'n excels the nuptial ſtate.*
His happineſs where ſhall we fix? where find?
With what new tie the changing Proteus bind?

What does the poor man?—Laugh?—Yes,
well you may!
He changes Taphouſe, Barber, ev'ry day.
Like richer folk, his fancy quaintly ſtrays;
Diſlikes his Lodging, and his hired Chaiſe.

Suppoſe

Suppoſe you meet one ſhuffling thro' the throng,
Cap'd like old *Monk*, with Cue prodigious long,
Ruff'd to his ears, like a King *Charles*'s ſhirt,
Dutch-coated too, and ſprucely hanger-girt:
You laugh at all this oddity of Dreſs;
But why?—Is oddity of Temper leſs?
It loathes, it likes; ne'er with itſelf agrees;
Conflicts like winds, and rages like the ſeas.
The caſe is common:—*Think*!—Don't *laugh* again;
He does not need a doctor and a chain.
We ſtill may laugh or weep, no eaſe, no end,
If trifles too much tickle or offend.

In ſhort, good Sir, Omnipotence has given
No greater gift than Wiſdom under Heaven:
Wiſdom is all in one! 'Tis freedom, fame,
And wealth, and ev'ry good, that you can name.

PHYLLIS.

Written 1751, *on the following Theſis*,

Phyllida amo ante alias, nam me diſcedere flevit,
Et longum formoſe, Vale, Vale, inquit, Iola.

VIRGIL.

OF all the girls I ever ſaw
I love my *Phyllis* beſt:
Her boſom rivals falling ſnow,
In ſilken ſcarlet dreſt.

Her

Her aſpect gay, ſerene and fair
As July's morning ſun;
Her eaſy mien and winning air
Have all my wiſhes won.

When laſt we parted in a ſhade,
The haunt of Philomel,
Oft o'er and o'er ſhe weeping ſaid,
"*Farewel, dear Youth!* *Farewel!*"

To DORINDA. 1753.

KNEW my DORINDA half how much
The thought of abſence moves me,
Thy Boſom ſoft, at Pity's touch,
Would melt for him that loves thee.

How long, how deeply, muſt I mourn,
When years untold deny me
One happy line or bleſt return;
Since all my ſtars defy me.

That angel-face, that heav'nly breaſt
Can I forget?—Ah, never!
O may Felicity ſtill reſt!
Where Virtue muſt forever!

On ſeeing STELLA.

YE gentle Winds my ſtrains convey,
And to the Nymph impart,
Whoſe preſence, like the riſing day,
Beam's pleaſure on my heart.

Since blooming *Stella* brightly ſhares
Heav'n's glories in her charms,
We well preſume ſhe richly bears
Heav'n's bliſſes in her arms.

O would ſhe deign to be my mate!
With her my fix'd abode
Would make me ſeem enthron'd in ſtate,
A little Demi-god.

On a SIMILAR INCIDENT.

GUARD, my heart! who is this? like a
Stranger of Light;
As auguſt as an Angel, as mild and as bright!
See, ſhe looks—all my Face with confuſion is
hung!
Ah, ſhe ſpeaks—but, alas! not a word can my
Tongue!

I muſt flee the dear Preſence, I long to adore:
Let me dwell in it ever, or ſee her no more.

To STELLA, 1761.

ODE 7. BOOK III. of HORACE.

WHY, STELLA, flows that ſtealing Tear?
Anon, the firſt auſpicious gale,
That wafts the Spring, ſhall ſpread his ſail;
And faithful *Gyge*, thy belov'd,
In fortune rais'd, in honor prov'd,
Faithful *Gyge* will be here.

By furious ſtorms drove o'er the main
In ſtarry Amalthea's reign,
He taſtes no joy, nor ſoftly ſleeps;
But thinks on *Stella*, ſighs and weeps.

What tho' ſome faithleſs Friend aſſays
His noble heart ten thouſand ways;
With moſt devoutly-upcaſt eyes,
Swears how lovely *Chloe* ſighs,
Panting burns, and fainting dies:—

Perchance relates how *Prætus'* wife
By falſely kindling jealous ſtrife,
Depriv'd the chaſte Bellerophon of Life.

Relates

Relates what dangers *Peleus* run,
The lewd *Hippolyte* to ſhun;
Recounts and artfully applies
All ſtories, countenancing vice:
In vain! Thy *Gyge* ſtill behaves
Firm as rocks, and deaf as waves.

But of thyſelf, dear Maid, beware!
Thine heart *Enipeus* may enſnare,
Who reins moſt gracefully the ſteed,
And cleaves the flood with nimble ſpeed.

Bolt faſt the door at dewy Eve;
Let not thy tender ear receive
Thoſe pow'rful notes, which love inſpire,
The ſoft complainings of his Lyre.
To Him, who often cries to Thee,
"Cruel!"—always cruel be!

ODE 9. Book I. of HORACE.

SEE all the mountains white with ſnow!
The burthen bends the labouring woods:
The brooks and rills no longer flow;
The north-wind conſtipates the floods.

Shut out the cold, and heap the fire;
Freely decant the generous wine,
Which beſt can pleaſantry inſpire,
And warm us, till fair weather ſhine.

Heav'n care the reſt!—who ſoon can lay
The boiſterous winds that rowl the Deep;
Still ev'ry breeze, that moves a ſpray,
And let the ſhaking Foreſt ſleep.

Pine not about To-morrow: Take
The lot as gain, each day ſhall bring:
And, ere with palſy'd age you ſhake,
Ye Youths! be merry, love and ſing.

Now is the time for Ball and Play,
And whiſper'd tales of love by night:
And now the Wanton, to betray
Her hiding corner, laughs outright;

Struggles, the bracelet or the ring,
In fondneſs ſtolen, to detain;
But, for a Kiſs, the wiſhed thing,
Reſigns it to her darling Swain.

ODE 12. Book II. of HORACE imitated.

MY Lord, you cannot chuſe to hear
The horrors of a tedious War,
The rough Commanders, and the flood
All red with Carthaginian blood,
Tun'd to the ſoftly-ſounding Lyre:
Neither the ſavage Party-rage,
Nor flaving * Revels of the Age,
Nor Mobs, that ſhook th' imperial Throne,
Until by Champions knocked down,
Do you, my Lord, at all admire.
Yourſelf in Story beſt can write
How Roman Troops and Cæſar fight;
What towns they burn'd, what floods they croſsd';
How well they won, how well they loſt;—
Yes, You, in bold heroic Song,
Can blazon warlike Glory's ſcenes;
How ſullen Kings and weeping Queens,
And herds of Wretches, drag'd from home
By Heroes, who for miſchief roam,
In Pomp of Triumph ſtalk along.
Me, humble Me, the Muſe bids praiſe
Your *Lyſſy's* ſweet inchanting lays:

She

* Alluding to the Time of a general Election.

She bids me name the Nymph's bright eyes,
And boſom, faithful to your joys:
The Nymph all virgin-charms adorn:
The eaſieſt Airs, which dancing grace,
The keeneſt Wit, the fineſt Face,
The neateſt Arm, the beſt Attire,
Diſtinguiſh her among the Choir,
On great DIANA's feſtal morn.
Come, tell me truly, cou'd you bear
To loſe a lock of *Lyſſy's* hair,
For all the Perſian Monarch's ſtore,
And all the wealth on Indy's ſhore,
When ſhe, with all her winning charms,
Bends her fine neck to let you ſip
The neckar'd roſes on her lip;
Or elſe witholds with ſweet delay,
What more delights, when forc'd away;
Or runs herſelf into your arms?

On SOLITUDE.

O Happy Solitude! I love
Thy tranquil ſilence, penſive gloom:
Thought lights her lamp; and from above
Unſeen defenders guard the room.

Swift

Swift as a glimpſe of light'ning flies
The fire-wing'd Fancy, mental ray;
No ſpace for her too diſtant lies;
Night's ambient ſhade is blazing day.

No eye but God's, and Angels bleſt,
From heav'n commiſſion'd, ſee and know
Why with extatic joys poſſeſt,
Or why diſſolv'd in tender woe.

Uſeleſs and vain were mean diſguiſe,
Which ſpecious Folly much employs;
An art the Good and Brave deſpiſe,
A weapon, which its Lord deſtroys.

No mirth to make a wiſe-man ſad,
No ſenſleſs converſe palls the ear;
No Humoriſt, delicately bad,
No Ruffian, odiouſly auſtere.

A conſcience calm and clear is eaſe;
An underſtanding ſound is joy;
Pleaſures, which rationally pleaſe,
And in fruition never cloy.

God's Works and Word, ſerene, I ſcan;
Admire his Wiſdom, Juſtice, Grace;
Or view the buſy toil of Man,
The ſubtil folly of his ways.

Nor

Nor Cenſure ſpares myſelf; but blames
Ridiculous notions, fond deſires:
Conceit degrades, and pride aſhames,
And ſcorn attends what vice admires.

O Solitude! O calm retreat!
Both from contempt and flattery free:
That hour, how precious and how ſweet,
With Meditation ſpent and thee!

An ODE.

THE Morning, like a lovely Bride,
Sweetly ſober, brightly fair,
With decent coyneſs, modeſt pride,
Riſing, chears the dewy air.

She comes, Creation's eldeſt-born,
Bluſhing Majeſty, ſhe comes;
But now no roſe, no blooming thorn
Breathes upon the wind perfumes.

The ſweet returning beam alone
Gilds this ſolitary Wild;
While, like a Tyrant from his throne,
Winter frowns o'er realms deſpoil'd.

What

What ſong, when dreary ſcenes ſurround,
Can the tender Muſes ſing?
They, ſoft, with roſe and lily crown'd,
Gratulate the milder ſpring.

The Muſes then alone are gay,
When the charming Seaſon roves,
Beſtrewing flow'rs along her way,
Circled round with Joys and Loves.

I'll ſing of Thee, dread Tyrant, Death!
Great is thy tremendous pow'r!
Each ſoul, that lives by mortal breath,
Aw-ſtruck, waits thy ſolemn hour.

Vain Confidence at thee, (Heav'n's frown,)
May, with ſtupid boldneſs, laugh;
But at thine arrow drops the crown,
Coronet and croſier-ſtaff.

The Monarch and the Noble fall
Prone from Honor's lofty ſeat:
Thy dreadful quiver levels all
Empty glories of the Great.

"Kings fall, ſays Pride, who ſit on thrones?
"Monarchs lie in loathſome graves?"
"Yes, Kings! ſays Truth, and royal bones
"Rot, diſgrac'd like bones of ſlaves.

"Yea,

" Yea, royal Souls, with all their pride,
" (Death ſuch change of Fortune brings)
" May *beg* to grace a Peaſant's ſide,
" Curſing Tyranny in Kings."

The haughty Fury, that o'erwhelms,
Like the ancient Perſian Ram,
Munitions, Mountains, Armies, Realms,
Will it ſave? No! deeply damn!

O Pride! thy hateful Works behold!
Mourn the hideous ruin! mourn!
Hear o'er thy head fierce thunders roll'd!
See the flames of Vengeance burn!

What's Glory ſought by wicked ways?
Sure a moſt ridiculous claim!
Wild meteor, ſelf conſuming blaze!
Dies in darkneſs! ſinks in ſhame!

Pride! Author dire of human woe!
What from thee, but guilt and pain,
Or did, or could, or e'er can flow?
Go, thou object of diſdain!

Come, Charity! celeſtial flame!
Mild as Heav'n, all charming riſe!
Sweet harmony of Nature's frame!
Happineſs of happy ſkies!

What

What Pow'r divinely ſhews, like thee,
Radiant in the human breaſt?
No other can, beſides, agree
Both to bleſs and to be bleſs'd.

Inviolate had'ſt thou but ſtill
Reign'd among the ſons of men,
None had infring'd the ſovereign Will;
Death had not appal'd us then.

Now ſince, by Nature's fatal law,
Scarce thou beam'ſt on Mortal born,
Let Mercy's clauſe thy light beſtow,
And relume my waned horn.

By thy pure light relum'd, I'll ſhine,
Raiſed from the gloomy duſt,
A Star of righteouſneſs, divine,
Spher'd in glory 'mong the Juſt.

Thy graces, Charity, beſtow!
Happineſs thro' thee is given:
Thou ſolely mak'ſt us bleſt below,
Solely mak'ſt us bleſt in heav'n.

Thrice happy, happy, who with thee
Lighted paſs this tearful Vale:
Thrice happier, happier, crown'd, who ſee
GOD, and in his glory dwell.

An

An EPITAPH.

SOUL immortal! ſhun the ſnares,
Empty joys and fruitleſs cares:
Love, and be belov'd of, God;
Uſe his bleſſing, uſe his rod:
Virtue here alone is wealth;
Jeſus here alone is health.

ANOTHER.

Suavitas Vitæ! generoſa Virtus!
Nec diem ſummum metuit, nec optat:
Hìc eam cingunt Charites, & inde
Gloria Cæli.

EPITAPHS

On four Children, who dy'd of a MALIGNANT FEVER.

I.

THE fiercely-burning flame of Death
Conſum'd our vitals, chok'd our breath;
Yet only did our ſouls refine,
And fit for endleſs life divine.

II.

II.

God ſaw our ſtate, and thought it beſt
To take us early into reſt.
Our lives on Earth were ſhort, to be
The longer in Felicity.

III.

Death is the earthly fate of all:
The Earth itſelf at laſt ſhall fall:
But our Redeemer will reſtore
To life, in Heav'n, for evermore.

IV.

When the Archangel's trump ſhall ſound,
And wake the ſleeping duſt around,
Tranſported We ſhall wake, and ſing
HOSANNA, *to the heav'nly King.*

An ODE.

WHILE yet the breeze diffuſes round
Chilling ruin from its wing,
See, yonder Snow-drop paints the ground,
Beauteous harbinger of ſpring!

Open

Open-boſom'd to the dawn,
Fairer than the faireſt lawn,
Pleas'd and grateful ſeems to ſay,
" Welcome ſhine, thou genial Ray !"

Know, pretty Innocent! how ſoon
All thy early pride may fly;
Crop'd by ſome wanton hand ere noon,
Thou, for cruel nonce, may'ſt die.

Little Venturer! why ſteal forth
From the lap of matron Earth,
All alone in ſuch a Wild,
Weak to inſults of a Child?

Hark, how the feather'd Rovers too,
Taught by nature, utter joy;
The Black-birds whiſtle, Stock-doves coo:
All their tongues does Love emyloy.

Infant liſping Love, who reigns
Fondled Tyrant o'er the plains,
O'er the Swain and o'er the King;—
Little Love charms all to ſing!

Ah, doſt Thou know, ſweet gentle Dove!
His delight in guile and ſtrife?

The

The falſe ungrateful Serpent, Love,
Stings the breaſt which gives him life.

Placid Eaſe thy boſom fled,
Anxious thoughts poſſeſs inſtead;
Milder tho' his looks than thine,
Cruel is his ſly deſign.

The Knave intends Thee with a mate
To ſit moping in a cage,
A wretched priſoner of ſtate,
Till conſum'd with ſpleen and age,

Converſant with homely cares,
Dubious hopes and aking fears.
Shun, ah ſhun his ſubtile wiles!
Truſt not his fallacious ſmiles!

A SONG.

COME, Muse, the lone minutes beguiling!
Thy Votary calls, come away!
The Loves and the Graces, ſtill ſmiling,
Prevail and awaken the lay.

Ye Fair, what's to You more concerning!
Than love, your chief bliſs or worſt bane?

'Tis

'Tis friendly to offer you warning;
How love to indulge and reſtrain.

Tho' curious your paſſion, Ah never
Too raſhly experience the Wife;
A riſque to be happy forever;
Or chain'd to a gally for life.

Nor, when a fair offer engages,
The criſis of Fortune delay:
One moment may forfeit, what ages
Of anguiſh and tears can't repay.

For pride of tormenting Implorers
Defer not the hour to be bleſt:
The joy of ten thouſand Adorers,
And more, in *one* Friend is poſſeſt.

The Rake from his nightly debauches
Comes reeking and ſtaring and pale;
Now lowly, now ſaucy approaches,
To whiſper ſome fine ſilly Tale.

See ſcribbled, each pane and each leaf on,
Your name and the boaſt of your charms:
"O pity, dear Lovely!" cries *Strephon*,
And tenderly pants for your arms.

Shall *this* be the noon of your glory?
If ye to conſent be unwiſe,
Such Fools, who as Gods did adore ye,
Will foremoſt deride and deſpiſe.

Diſcretely ſelecting a Suiter,
Forget not the pleaſures, that laſt:
What torment to bear for the future
Sad fears,—and remorſe for the paſt?

The Miſer (fond wretch) coffers money
For thankleſs extravagant Heirs;
The pretty briſk Bee gathers honey
For murdering Ruſtics and Bears:

Not ſo, ye dear Roſes of Nature!
Your charms ſhould be ſquander'd away!
If one muſt chuſe either, 'twere better
With age, unenjoy'd, to decay.

Thoſe delicate boſoms and faces
No ſorrow ſhould ever intrude;
Then give not your loves and your graces
To men undiſcerning and rude.

The MAY.

NOW ſmiles the MAY: The ſolar fulgence glows:
The mildeſt breeze in gentle ſilence flows.
The banks all painted; ſpicy bloſſoms ſpring:
The ſprightly Birds deſport on quivering wing;
Or mellow thrill the budding Groves among;
Or glean proviſion for their callow Young:
While wanton boys with cruel purpoſe view
The penſile Eyry on the waving bough.

Now *Florimel* the blooming willow ſhade
Enjoys at Noon, on graſſy verdure laid;
On flow'ry pillow, clos'd her pearly eyes,
In happy viſion, ſweetly ſmiling, lies.
To humble diſtance *Colinet* withdraws,
Attends her flock, and guards her calm repoſe.
Their ſocial flocks, like them united, feed;
Their lambs, like them, ſport joyful o'er the mead.
Their tender boſoms, like the Turtle-dove,
Know only peace and innocence and love.
The ſweeteſt herb, the rareſt ſylvan green
The fineſt flow'r is in her chaplet ſeen;
The charming She, the flocks ſpread o'er the plain,
Content and health o'erjoy the ſimple Swain.

Now

Now *Agriculture*, beauteous in her youth,
Laughs o'er the fields, triumphing in her growth:
With pleaſing hope the peaſant views the plain,
The charming promiſe of his future gain;
Purſues his labor, fill'd with honeſt joy,
His labor man's original employ;
With uſeful labor earns what need requires,
Enough for life, and laudable deſires;
Suſtains the poor, contributes to ſupport
The Public-weal and Glory of the Court.

O happy peaſants, delving in the ſoil!
Whoſe wealth is vigor, whoſe amuſement toil,
When foes dare injure, bold and ſtrong to wield
Vindictive arms in War's tremendous field,
O if ye knew to prize the boon beſtow'd,
Plain Nature's bleſſings, ſweet unenvy'd Good,
The fruits of honeſt, healthy, chearful toil,
The golden harveſt of a grateful ſoil,
Unknown mean fraud, diſſimulation, hate,
And fancy'd cares, which gnaw the ſoul of State,
Unknown the curſes, ſervile Pride brought forth,
Infernal vipers, torments of the Earth,
Brought forth when languiſh'd Charity, the tye
Of true perfection, ſeated in the ſky,
The ſacred law, whoſe dictates ſtill incline
The real Happy to a life divine,

Make individuals, ſelf-mov'd, conſpire
The general welfare with divine deſire;
Then are ye bleſt! from ev'ry ſorrow free,
From ev'ry pang, as human lot can be.

What curſes ſprang, when Charity began
At man's apoſtacy to fail in man?
When Right became conſtraint inſtead of choice,
And Laws were made, ſupplies to Nature's voice?
When Orders roſe, ſome rul'd and ſome obey'd;
Expedient modes, tho' not by Nature made?
(For Nature's wound, afflicted Reaſon ſaw,
Requir'd a cure, and thence deviſed Law,
Which palliates and repels the prurient ſore:
God muſt extirpate; Reaſon can no more)
What curſes ſprang? O if they are unknown
To you, ye ſwains, your Lot is bleſt alone.
O, if untaught the proud contempt of Right,
To hate the day, and prowl like Wolves by night;
If, leſs deprav'd from Nature's perfect plan,
Ye freely hold the Rule becoming Man,
Sincere to moral ties without the awe
Of penal ſanctions and coercive law,
How ſafe, how happy your benignant ſphere!
Serenely free from anxious hope and fear!
Rich in true Good, Adverſity defy!
Ye reap the Earth, and plant to reap the Sky.

Now

Now *Commerce* hoiſts her white expanding ſail;
And gayly floats before the ſounding gale;
Fearleſs of tempeſts, that in fury ſweep
The rowling ſurges o'er the roaming deep:
Her precious freight, with Art, her certain guide,
Is ſmoothly borne along the heaving tide.
Redundant plenty, curious works of Art,
Whate'er our Soil and Induſtry impart,
Commerce tranſports, to bleſs thoſe diſtant lands,
Which *Britain* both enriches and commands;
Or, home-returning, moſt profuſely pours
All Nature's opulence on *Britain*'s ſhores.

Imperial *Britain*! high with Glory crown'd!
O'er all the World for Arts and Arms renown'd!
Pomp gilds thy cities, Plenty glads thy plains,
Sublime Religion, noble Science reigns.
O favor'd Iſle! each high advantage prize;
Deſerve diſtinction, and by merit riſe.
Let Faith and Wiſdom on thy pow'r attend;
And be at once the Victor and the Friend.
Purſue the plan, for which all pow'r is given;
And long be thou Vicegerent under Heaven!
A ſtorm ſometimes awhile obſcures the day;
Heav'n breathes upon it, and it melts away:
So wicked Pow'r, while Heav'n permits, may rage,
The ſcourge and terror of an impious Age,
'Till ſudden Vengeance ſtrike the fatal blow;

Then

Then pomp but ſerves to aggrandize the woe.
Proſper, fair Iſle; and long with joy ſurvey
Delightful ſprings and ſweet returns of May!

Now City-Belles crow'd forth with City-Beaux,
Adorn'd, like Butterflies, in gaudy cloaths;
Friſk o'er the fields, and thro' the meadows range;
The Country breathe, and bleſs the charming change.
Revolting Youth to Love's endearing ſway
Reſign their hearts; and chearfully obey:
Trade's tyrant Pow'r, whoſe ever anxious ſoul
With gloomy rigor does each thought controul,
They now repine: for Nature ſeems poſſeſt;
The genial Joy tranſports each youthful breaſt,
Inſpires reſolves, reluctant to ſuſtain
The dull reſtraint and ſervile care of Gain.
Let, ye ſoft Rovers! vernal ſcenes inſpire
Celeſtial joy, and kindle holy fire.
Reflect whoſe hand the flow'ry carpet lays,
Rears the ſweet groves, and lights yon golden blaze.
Revere his preſence; nor one thought indulge,
One deed aſſay, too ſhameful to promulge.
You, like the plants, his glorious Goodneſs rears;
Fulfils your wiſhes, and averts your fears;
Can always give you what your hearts explore;
Or, that refuſing, grant you ſomething more.

Behold

Behold what Crowds, upon the ſacred day,
To worſhip ſacred, but profan'd to play,
What Crowds flock forth! what coaches throng the road!
While few lend audience to the word of God.
They view God's works, but a ſenſeleſs joy;
Receive his gifts, but wantonly employ;
Snatch them unaſk'd, ungrateful to their friend;
In riot waſte, o'erlooking Nature's end.

Or ſee, where Numbers haunt the Houſe of Pray'r
Without devotion; led by Folly there;
Charm'd with the muſic, or thoſe prieſts of fame,
Who boldly ſoar, and pompouſly declaim;
Their ears admiring the mellifluous tongue,
The pleaſant Voice, that tunes a lovely Song.
On Wiſdom's charms with extaſy they gaze;
Revile her pureneſs, yet her beauty praiſe:
She ſpreads a banquet of eternal Good;
Her bounteous hand extends immortal food:
But vicious hearts refuſe her heav'nly fare,
Sweet in the lips, an healing bitter there.
To harlot Folly their deſires incline,
Whoſe golden cup o'erflows with philter'd wine:
Inchanting muſic fills her myrtle bow'r,
Entwin'd with bayes; and roſes ſtrew her floor.
Gay magic Scenes, ideal Splendors, fair
To Fancy's view, but empty all as air,

Delude

Delude the guilty Throng with fatal joy,
Allure with ſmiles, that blandiſh to deſtroy.
O ſhun her ſnares! the ſnares of Folly ſhun!
Keep Virtue's path, as Earth around the Sun
Undevious rolls: that holy Will obey,
Which bleſſes all, and beautifies the May.

To the SINGING BIRDS.

FREE and merry in each buſh
Warble Nightingale and Thruſh:
Crown'd with chaplets, blooming May
Harks delighted to the lay.
Happy, happy, happy Choir!
Sweeteſt, ſofteſt Joys inſpire!

Say what touch on pleaſure's ſprings,
Tunes the voice, expands the wings,
When the ſprightly plumy race
Such extatic joys expreſs?

Reaſon's foil'd, and Art diſgrac'd:
Man may envy, never taſte:
'Tis a purer Senſe, that brings
More delicious taſte of things:
Simple Nature's beauty warms;
Birds are pleas'd with Nature's charms.

Match'd

Match'd with them, my learned friends
Nothing know of Nature's ends,
Nothing act of wiſe deſign,
Juſt to ordinance divine.

Never boaſt your learned toil,
Thoughtful LOCKE and curious BOYLE!
Birds ſagacity can ſhew,
LOCKE cou'd not explain nor know.
BOYLE, behold the ſipping Bee
Better ſkill'd in flow'rs than Thee.

Life to you, ye warblers gay,
All is pleaſure, all is play.
Feaſt and ſong begin with light;
Leafy arbors lodge by night.
Knows the little Bird one ſorrow?
Cares her heart about To-morrow?

Yes, the Reas'ner, prone to wrong,
Robs her of her callow young.
Ah, ſurprized from her neſt,
Scarce ſhe truſts a bough to reſt.
Spoil'd by man's rapacious race,
Moaning, ſhe forſakes the place.
Ah, Misfortune never knows
Where ſhe ſafely may repoſe!

Bluſh

Bluſh, thou Tyrant of the Ball!
Reas'ning Savage! worſt of all!
Why diſtreſs, in cruel ſport,
Theſe ſweet minſtrels of thy court?
What infernal joy to make
Nature wretched for thy ſake?
Wretched for thy cruel pride,
Curſe of all the World beſide?

Pretty Birds! your joys purſue!
Hop and chirp from bough to bough,
I, with rapture, when I rove,
Hear the muſic of the Grove!
Muſic, ſweetly, ſoftly ſhrill,
Flowing from each poliſh'd bill;
From among the ſilken trees,
Trembling on the vernal breeze.
Nothing, Warblers, need ye fear
An admirer ſo ſincere.

Pleas'd am I to tune the Lyre,
Grateful to the plumy Choir.
When they ceaſe their loves and ſongs,
Cold their hearts and mute their tongues.
When I too am with the Dead,
Let theſe grateful lays be read,

ODE 30. Of ANACREON.

ONCE the *Muſes*, flow'ry-crown'd,
Cupid in their garlands bound;
Then to *Beauty* gave the Boy.
Venus ſought her little Joy.
" *Let the pretty Captive go,*
" Venus *millions will beſtow.*"
Go! —not He! —the Boy remains,
All delighted with his chains.

The KISS.

A Wanton Boy, us'd I to ſtray
In woods and lawns, where *Dryads* play:
Where'er was mirthful dance and ſong,
I, wildly joyous, join'd the Throng.

Then ſimple I, jocund within,
Saw Paradiſe in ev'ry ſcene:
The country bloom'd, the birds were gay;
The flocks were blithſome; all was May.

Among the *Dryads*, one, moſt fair,
And moſt genteel in dreſs and air,
Still choſe me Partner, while the grace
Of ſmiles and bluſhes ſpread her face:

She

She ſqueez'd my hand; whereon, I vow,
I ſqueezed hers and bluſhed too.
We look, and ſmile, and bluſh and ſigh,
And hate to part, we know not why.

Sometimes in groves or grots around
She hid, on purpoſe to be found:
In thickeſt ſhade wou'd I ſurprize
The beautuous Darling of my eyes;
Or, if I long in vain had ſought,
She laugh'd aloud, and ſo was caught.
Sometimes where'er my walking led
She watch'd, and, when ſhe ſaw me, fled:
She, glad to be o'ertaken, flew;
I, glad to overtake, purſue.

One day, my *Dryad*, ſweetly meek,
Moſt tenderly did pat my cheek;
"*Come, preſs your Lips to mine,*" ſhe ſaid;
Her fond conceit I ſoon obey'd:
But, O ye happy Gods! how ſtole
Inchanting pleaſure on my ſoul?
No ſpicy flow'r on *Carmel* grows,
No honey-oak near *Hybla* flows,
No nectar ſprings in your abodes
Half ſo delicious, O ye Gods!

Again

Again ſhe glu'd her lips to mine:
Intoxication how divine!
" *My deareſt Charmer!*" I exclaim'd,
" *Was e'er this wondrous pleaſure nam'd,*
" *Which from your lips, when mine they meet,*
" *Glides thro' my very ſoul ſo ſweet?*
" *What call you the inchanting Bliſs?*
She roſy-ſmil'd, and liſp'd—" A KISS!"

A SONG.

BELIEVE not too fondly, beware, gentle Maids!
Leſt turtles prove jays in diſguiſe.
A Lover's a roſe in your boſom, that fades;
Neglected, that ſuddenly dies.

Fix paſſion with prudence, where reaſon may ſtill
To friendſhip and conſtancy bind;
Where virtue and ſenſe may determine your will,
When raptures remit, to be kind.

Eternally Love's happy bondage endures,
If Prudence her captives detains:
Whatever Charm conquer'd, 'tis Prudence ſecures
The captive, and rivets his chains.

A SONG.

A SONG.

YE Swains! never wander from honor and truth:
Earn age no remorſe with the follies of Youth.
In loving the Fair, he's the trueſt enjoyer,
Who guards the ſoft breaſt from each cruel deſtroyer.

If any Seducer, infernally nurs'd,
Betrays with endearment, the wretch be accurs'd!
A dæmon, for blaſting the glory of Beauty,
And tainting affection to violate duty.

Wou'd you what is amiable love, and be bleſt,
Spread Virtue's pavilion for Beauty to reſt:
Let Prudence Eſteem and Affection attend her;
And Conſtancy comfort, ſupport and defend her.

Nor think from mere Beauty long joy can accrue.
The pluck'd bloſſom fades; admiration palls too.
'Tis goodneſs is ever (who want it may railly)
The jewel of principal luſtre and value.

A Novice, enamor'd of vain Beauty's ſmile,
In extaſy views the fine ſtatue awhile;
But Conſtancy lives on the permanent graces
Of minds more adorned and charming than faces.

A SONG.

SAY, can Natures diſcordant complacency know?
Can the Fox with the Lamb, or the Wolf with the Roe?
Can the Jay with the Linnet, the Hawk with the Dove?
Then may tempers ill-ſuited be happy in love,
Then be wiſe, youthful Lovers, in chooſing for life,
Both Phebe her huſband, and Colin his wife.

Ne'er diſſemble affection, delude with a ſhew;
And induſtriouſly lay the foundation of woe?
All the Miſchievous merit the miſchief, they meet:
No convention is ſacred with hoſtile Deceit.
So in love as in life, the old proverb is true,
To be honeſt—and then honeſt dealing's your due.

Know that Virtue alone can be happy; for ſtill,
There's no evil ſo fatal, ſo pregnant, as Will.
Let your principal object be merit: you'll own,
'Tis a folly to hope for a crop never ſown.
Let your own cultivation the bleſſing refine;
And deſerve the affection of, who deſerves thine.

The WALNUT TREE; AN ELEGY.

Written at the Requeſt of a Lady.

WHAT *Muſe* is deaf to gentle *Beauty*'s call;
Or ſtands inſenſible at *Friendſhip*'s voice?
The *Muſe* obeys: *To ſing the Walnut's Fall,*
Pleaſing command! obedience is but choice.

Your ſilver harps, ye ſylvan *Fairies*, bring,
Which guide your dances by the ſilent Moon:
To plaintive ſong wake each immortal ſtring;
The mournful Theme demands a mournful Tune.

Fair *Walnut-tree*, ye fairy Choir, there ſtood
In Garden green, on gently-riſing hill,
A little blooming Siſter of the Wood,
Where Thruſh and Blackbird, ſhady, ſung at will.

But late (Alas! what merit e'er was found
To ſave, when higher Pow'rs our fall decree)
The Owner fancy'd ſhe incumber'd ground—
"Gard'ner! dig up this uſeleſs *Walnut-tree.*"

The

The ſentence paſt, intreaties all are vain;
Her vital roots diſmantled ſoon appear:
And *Dick* and *Tom*, with ſturdy might and main,
Mangled and lopp'd; no enemy, no fear!

The Poet, to complete her overthrow,
Climb'd up, and bound with rope her leafy boughs:
Ah, cruel Poet! juſtly to thy woe!
For thou, in climbing, ſore thy ſhins did'ſt bruiſe.

Then from his Tent, in leathern armour, came
Stately Bucephalus*, and ſeiz'd her bound;
He, ſtrongly tugging, ſtretch'd his brawny frame,
And brought poor *Walnut* tumbling to the ground.

The ſorrowing *Dryads* trembled when ſhe fell!
Untimely fell! her fruits were premature!
Lament, ye *Fairies! Echo*, from thy cell,
Lament poor *Walnut*'s—*Walnut*'s dying hour!

What guilt of thine provok'd unpitying Fate?
What excellence offended Envy's eye?

Not

* *A Coach Horſe.*

Not humble innocence protracts thy date:
See! like the Great and Honor'd, ſee her die!

Exempt is no condition from decay;
No Lord nor Shrub on earth from Death is free:
What profit then of all this World have they?
Why Fame!—And Fame's a Walnut-elegy.

Your harps, ye *Fairies*! this laſt boon demands;
Her fate untimely ſolemnly deplore!
That done, your harps unſtrung with trembling hands
Hang on the Willows—*Walnut* is no more!

To A YOUNG LADY.

A Leiſure hour, an indolent repoſe,
No paſtime here, but what from Fancy flows;
A mind too dull to think, too briſk to reſt,
Drive me to plague ſome friend; I chooſe a Beſt.
Strange humor mine!—*I ever ſcorn to teaze*
A ſilly Wretch, whom I diſdain to pleaſe.

"*Why*

"*Why write to me?*" you cry: "What have
I done,
"To bear your nonſenſe?—Friendſhip! when
begun?"

Nay, own *you know me:* Surely that's all one!
With many folks *'tis friendſhip to be known.*
Vain I may be: impertinent, 'tis true;
But then my folly cannot injure you.

"*Yes! teaze me!*"—Well! but, at ſo cheap
a rate,
Will not your goodneſs eaſe a Noodle's pate?
For write I muſt!—In ſongs my ink may flow;
Songs of my own: Fine *Strephon's* are not ſo.
Many prefer the Nightingale's wild note
To what Canary trills thro' artful throat.
Perhaps I moralize, not bluſh to give
Advice, where it becomes me to receive:
That matters not! for that's our common way;
Archbiſhops hear what Curates have to ſay.

"It ill becomes ye then to make too free:
"Low brazen fellows! prating! what are ye?

Why, Madam! if appearances wo'd paſs,
The Lion might be frighten'd at the Aſs.
Nor can we always judge of right and fit:
A licence too is claim'd by *Men of Wit.*

" Do you claim *that* ?"—Well, now I own,
I bluſh :
The ſolid proof is wanting at the puſh :
Nothing to ſhew !—However, when you pleaſe,
Bid me depart—I vaniſh—You're at eaſe.
Read my impertinence, or burn, or tear;
Wrap up your thread in't, or curl up your hair :
'Tis good for ſomething !—And remember ſtill,
We often for the Deed ſhou'd take the Will.

To the Same. ON READING.

CUSTOM with Folly ſeems in *this* combin'd
Againſt you females—*To immure the Mind*;
As if much knowledge made the morals worſe;
Heav'n's choiceſt bleſſings were the greateſt curſe.
My vote concurs to cut all ſlaviſh reins;
And bind in Duty's ſofter, ſtronger, chains.
What! treat the *Fair*, as popiſh Prieſts their flocks !
Like injur'd Negroes ! like a muzzled Ox !
Undue reſtraints are brambles of diſtreſs
In Virtue's path, provoking to tranſgreſs.
Heav'n leaves us free: To move us to obey,
Reveals high grace, delineates the way.
This god-like plan the Generous will purſue.

All

All true obedience ſprings from knowledge true.
Preſumptuous Folly ſtill its end defeats:
Deceivers periſh by their own deceits.
They, who preſume the female ſoul deſign'd
For no great purpoſe of a reas'ning mind,
Allow thoſe ſtudies, which the mind debaſe,
As if in ſpite, to compaſs its diſgrace.
"Tales and Romances for a Lady's ear!"
Sublimer ſtudies too ſublime appear.
Ladies muſt only learn the loves of Rakes,
'Till Virtue nods aſleep and Vice awakes.
Hence infant hearts pant with the pleaſing flame,
Which flaſhes, darts and glows through all the Frame,
Almoſt ere words are found to give it name.
Admit Romancers write in Virtue's cauſe;
Through ev'ry page a ſubtile poiſon flows:
The fatal fomes kindles curious thought,
'Till all the ſoul is into tumult brought.
Paſſions to anarchy reſiſtleſs riſe;
And Prudence, vanquiſh'd, in the riot dies.

"They learn the world this way!" Perhaps they do:
They learn its vices and its follies too;
Without the previous ſkill, that taſk requires;
To know ſuch objects, free from ſuch deſires.
I own,

I own, ſuch reading greatly may conduce,
Well-tim'd, well-temper'd, to the Reader's uſe;
Quell in the cloſet Paſſion's Reaſons's ſtrife;
And ſend her warn'd, prepared, into life:
Yet ſtill, ſuch books demand, whenever read,
The cooleſt heart, or moſt experienc'd head:
For Paſſion, in the violent and young,
Will make the Vice ſeem right, the Virtue wrong;
Or not diſcern the Author's good deſigns,
Which oft might be compriz'd in two ſhort lines.

The grand intent's t'unravel mazy man;
And ſet a guard o'er Beauty, if they can;
Shew whom you love, are dæmons in diſguiſe;
And that in pride and art your ſafety lies.
O ſad reſource! O ſhameful truth to tell!
O ſpoil of ſin! how low is nature fell!

Your pardon, Madam!—'Tis perhaps too hard
To hint, your prudence e'er can need a guard.
Indeed I bluſh for my officious pen!
You know, you ſhun, you hate baſe-hearted men.
Saw you a Fool ſince life's firſt pulſe did leap,
But that affected *to be ſly and deep?*
Brand ſuch a Wretch for Fool, howe'er he blaze;
He really is weak, as well as baſe.

Mean

Mean Cunning ever is an empty boaſt:
Miſchievous Wits outwit themſelves the moſt:
Their triumphs are the doting of an hour,
Unleſs upheld a while by wealth and pow'r.
Friends muſt as Foes the wretches mean deſpiſe,
Who, blind to Good, are only damn'dly wiſe:
Their guile, ſo odious ſcarce can be forgiven
By God or Man; accurs'd by Earth and Heav'n.
But poor's the ſolace to a Maid undone,
To think, his doom her ſpoiler cannot ſhun.

Another evil oft bad Reading brings;
It makes nice Critics in ridiculous things;
Taints Folly's boſom with a large ſupply
Of falſe ſenſations—Lord knows what, and why!
Mere phantom-objects all the mind employ;
Give half its pains, ſpoil more than half its joy;
Render uneaſy, when no harm is near,
Except its own weak whim, and ſilly fear.
The Being, thus abas'd appears as frail,
And ſorely tender, as a pappy ſnail;
Shrinks with fantaſtic peeviſhneſs or dread;
Acting the Ideot,—to be ſure fine bred!
Fit but to languiſh in a downy chair,
A Fop, a Pug and Parrot all her care.

The Reading I wou'd humbly recommend,
Nor quite reject the other in the end,
Is hiſtory, civil, natural, great and ſmall;
Divinity, the grand concern of all;
Moral productions; the chaſte Muſe's lays;
(Inſtructions *ſhe* moſt charmingly conveys)
Why ſhou'd philoſophy be deem'd too high
For beings ſo near related to the ſky?
All Books, that tend t' ennoble and refine,
Ladies may read:—Let ſuch, my Fair! be thine.

To the ſame. On HABIT.

SOULS after death, as certain Ancients ſay,
Inform anew ſome organized clay:
Brutes tranſmigrate to Men, and Men to Brutes;
Aſſuming each the kind, which fancy ſuits.
If this be true (for all's not true, that's ſaid)
This World, ye Fair! is then a Maſquerade.
Well, ſo be it!—You'll grant the ſages this,
The fancy's pretty, and not much amiſs.

One time, an Edict paſs'd, as ſtory goes,
For each to name the faſhion, which he choſe;
And Mrs. *Lachęſis* (ſhe, Ma'm, you'll gueſs)
Was Pattern-maker for the maſquing dreſs)

Produc'd

Produc'd her patterns of each kind and form,
From man imperial to the crawling worm.
Amid the throng one old *Therſites* came,
Since Troy's cataſtrophe well known to fame;
Known for malicious jibes and ſpiteful tricks;
A viler ghoſt ne'er preſs'd thy waves, O Styx!
When his turn came to chooſe an earthly ſhape,
The queer old Soul with joy ſelects an Ape.
"His choice ſeems odd!"--At firſt perhaps it may;
But the ſame fault is acted every day.

The God of Nature wondrouſly aſſign'd
A *Turn* peculiar to each human mind:
That each an end peculiar may purſue,
Men's humors differ more than faces do:
If join'd with Virtue, all theſe *Turns* produce
Peculiar acts of private public uſe.
That all, made free, fit uſes might maintain,
God bade right Reaſon his Vicegerent reign.
But things, the nobleſt in their firſt deſign,
Become the baſeſt, tending to decline:
The cordial grape, abus'd by wrong degrees,
Induces dulneſs, anguiſh and diſeaſe:
Things all, which uſed well moſt ſweet impart,
Spoil'd by exceſs, excite the keeneſt ſmart:
Prime Angels, exil'd from celeſtial light,
Are felleſt Dæmons in tartarean night:

Thus

Thus that peculiar *Turn*, by gracious Heaven
To ev'ry ſoul for noble uſes given,
Deprav'd with Vice, with paſſions baſe and blind,
Becomes the great diſtemper of the mind:
Indulg'd to Habit, makes mankind appear
Like beaſts; and various as brute ſpecies are.

If ruling Reaſon only reigns a drone;
Or weakly yields, and abdicates her throne;
The Paſſions deviate to what we condemn;
And ev'ry choice is monſtrous, made by them.
Hence ſome embrace, with ravenous delight,
What Reaſon ſhuns with laughter or affright:
Some ſink below their kind, below the beaſt;
Greateſt in mischief, as in goodneſs leaſt:
No light, no law directs the phrenzy'd ſoul;
The body is a Bedlam, dark and foul.

Thus all the Paſſions into Vice may go;
And, if indulg'd, to vicious Habit grow.
Habit grows ſtubborn ſoon, ſince always join'd,
And woven with the native *Turn* of mind:
Age ſo confirms it in th' immortal frame
It braves all fortunes, and is ſtill the ſame.

Hence

Hence, in all ſtations,* under ev'ry ſhape,
Therſites' Soul delights to act the Ape.

His coarſe example warns us to controul
Thoſe giant Paſſions, that convulſe the Soul;
Leſt thoſe, unbridled, brutally deface
The Maker's Image and the works of Grace:
It bids us ſhun ill Habit, as a ſcar,
An hectic fever, or an hoiden air;
All very odious to the gentle Fair;
And for this reaſon worſe to be endur'd,
Becauſe by time and judgment hardly cur'd.

The

* It may be doubted whether ill Habits, reſpecting particular objects, do remain in a future State, where thoſe objects are not found: but ſtill ſuch Habits are equally pernicious; for they deſtroy that virtue firmneſs, purity and health of Soul, which alone can render it, in any ſtate, morally good and perfectly happy. And who knows whether the deſire, as well as remembrance, of things paſt will not, in ſome ſort, revive in a future State? Several Heathens and Chriſtian Fathers aſſert, that Souls unbody'd are inveſted with certain material vehicles (Αυγοειδες or Spectres) in which they (or at leaſt, the bad ſort of them) do retain ſome capacity for ſenſual Pleaſure and Pain. This, among other ancient Notions, is now commonly exploded; but we ſhall probably greatly err, if we think all that is exploded is comtemptible.

See *Origen.* Contra *Celſum.* Lib. II. alſo the parable of Dives and Lazarus.

The MIND.

GO look thro' Art and Nature, you ſhall find,
The greateſt wonder is the human *Mind*.
Its fair imperial excellencies ſhew
Man's title to Supremacy below:
Yet ſo abſurd its Wiſdom, mean its Pride,
Nothing is ſo ridiculous beſide.

Much boaſted wiſdom, long and hardly ſought,
Is only noiſe, futility, ſtark nought.
They, who the heights of Metaphyſics ſoar,
Bring down ſome truths, but idle gueſſes more.
They, who thro' Nature's dark abyſſes roam,
Often return, like other Travellers, home;
Spoil common-ſenſe, and impudently ſcorn
All thoſe high ends, for which Mankind are born.

Could each inſpect his neighbor, as he ſees
Thro' cryſtal walls a factory of Bees;
Then might he view the briſk ideas run,
Like Inſects dancing in the ev'ning ſun;
Their kinds and numbers; how they riſe and join;
What counſels form; with what deſires combine.

'Tis

'Tis my conjecture—(and with reaſon too)
That, while this ſtrange phaenomenon were new,
Ere we diſcern'd Ideas range by rule,
The wiſeſt would appear the greateſt fool;
And humbler minds, which fewer ſcenes produce,
Seem moſt conſiſtent, and compos'd for uſe.
So yonder ſtars appear to vulgar eyes
Strewn very careleſly about the ſkies;
Devoid of regular and wiſe deſign;
Stamp'd with no ſignatures of ſkill divine:
Your Connoiſeurs judiciouſly prefer
A bronze, a picture, or a poor parterre:
The reaſon's plain—becauſe they comprehend
A trivial Syſtem, and the Author's end.

Could we the thoughts of buſy mortals view;
Their wiſdom, happineſs; their good and true;
Then might we ſee on what nice ſprings depends
The ſpite of Foes, the tuneful love of Friends;
Why oft unmeaning ſounds deceive our ears;
Why Ignorance in Learning's garb appears:
Might trace the curious plan of Wiſdom's thought;
And Folly's cobwebs in each corner wrought.

What pretty fabrics Sophiſters could ſhew,
Little inferior to a fort of ſtraw?
Finite prov'd infinite with dext'rous art;
And that the whole's no bigger than a part;

What

What ſource ſupplies the Sun's exub'rant flame;
What pow'r mechanic moves the Mundane frame;
How Souls commence by Motion's natural rule;
And chief—Man's privilege to be a Fool.

What engines would the Stateſman's ſoul reveal!
Moſt like the Prophet's Viſion, wheel in wheel:
Stores of ingenious levers, ſcrews and ſprings,
To manage Mobs and Patriots and Kings:
Arrangements ſuch, that ſtill 'tis underſtood,
The Stateſman's private, muſt be public, good.

The Poet's brain great wonders would unfold;
The art occult, baſe metals turn'd to gold:
Each country Village by its magic ſeem
Elyſium; and each Brook, Pactolus' ſtream.
If wanton Love the ſoft deſign inſpire,
To make fair boſoms heave with fond deſire;
Then might you ſee compos'd the mellow ſong,
That warbles phrenzy thro' the liſt'ning throng.
Should Satire fell in venom dip his pen,
In Virtue's cauſe to blaſt unrighteous men;
With more than hydra-heads, and killing eyes
Of Baſiliſk, his armed Rage will riſe.
Should Grace divine her ſacred warmth impart;
To ſtir the briſk vibrations of his heart;
Then would he charm you with an holy zeal,
Far more than *Orpheus* teaching rocks to feel.

The

The Beau--methinks I have him in my eye;
And ſee how all his little toy-things lie.
His own dear Image firſt at length appears,
By Mode, his Valet, trim'd from toes to ears:
Next to his quaint fantaſtic ſtupid Mien
Lies baby Speech, and Fondneſs to be ſeen;
Courtſhip to ev'ry eye-ball to admire;
Hope, that the Ladies will—in vain—deſire.

The Hypocrite, ſecure in blind applauſe,
With lying phiz and ſanctimonious ſaws,
Would ſhew a ſcene (Heav'n ſave us!) ſhocking ſight!
A miniature of Satan rob'd in light.

Within the Miſer we ſhould ſee thoſe fears,
Which keep unclos'd his eyes, arreſt his ears;
Where ne'er a noble ſentiment can glow,
Nor mild compaſſion, anodyne for woe!
His prone poor ſoul ſtill poring on the clod,
Pining in plenty and blaſpheming God.

The Libertine—what pencil can deſcribe!
Whether of brutal or infernal Tribe
Let Naturaliſts reſolve:—But of the two
A mongrel progeny would I allow,
To rail on heav'n, to riot on the earth;
The ſhame of Her, who gave the Monſter birth:

Profeſſed

Profeſſed foe to Nature, Life and Soul;
No Tears can ſoften, as no Ties controul.
Could thought be ſeen in him, how loath'd a crew
Of foul Ideas would pollute the view!

What would I ſay?—The winged Moments fly,
To waft the hour, when ev'ry form muſt die,
Thoughts all revive, and naked ſtand the gaze
Of Earth and Heav'n in God's expoſing blaze:
At that Tribunal even *this* may riſe,
Or to acquit or to condemn J—. WISE.

To two LADIES, *who pleaſantly chid the* AUTHOR *for an involuntary* DISAPPOINTMENT.

July 26. 1764.

LADIES, permit confeſſion to atone!
This ſeeming error really was none.
I own myſelf for non-attendance ſham'd:
Wilful omiſſion juſtly might be blam'd.
Put *that* the caſe, the argument would be,
Neglect of you implies defect in me;
Want of diſcernment—and a want that's worſe!
One fault includes a dozen more, of courſe.
But *that* the caſe was not:—The cauſe was great!
To dire neceſſity muſt all ſubmit!

If

If ill appearances my plea oppoſe,
And caſt I am by over-rigid Laws;
Forgive him once, who needs it often;—give
Your mild reprieve; and let your Convict live.
Not worth in me, but grace in you, I plead.
'Tis your own cauſe!—I'm penitent indeed!
Did *Shakeſpear*'s Nature, *Pope*'s fine Art inſpire
Your Poet's numbers with energic fire;
Full in your ears the piercing notes ſhould roll,
To mollify and charm the liſt'ning ſoul.
Did *Richardſon*'s moſt gentle ſpirit breathe,
Ordain'd to wear Fame's everlaſting wreath,
Whoſe pathos ſtrong and language finely free
Sieze all the heart (a conqueſt own'd by me!)
Oe'r which, while merit charms a Britiſh eye,
Bright orbs ſhall weep, and faireſt boſoms ſigh;
Breath'd his bleſt ſpirit, then ſhould periods flow!
Proſe, ſoft as air, and pure as falling ſnow!
Hearts, not like yours—ev'n hearts ally'd to ſtone
Should melt to read, and tender mercy own.
But I, alas! no ſuch advantage find;
My fancy feeble, and my judgment blind:
So poor a pleader, in the juſteſt cauſe,
Muſt go content with pity for applauſe.

Your various *Graces* when I number o'er,
I feel your worth and my preſumption more.

Celeſtial

Celeſtial BOUNTY, at the deſtin'd hour,
Sent down her Angels with peculiar pow'r.
Beauty fine tints, and waxen forms, with care
Compos'd and finiſh'd; nor forgot one hair.
Had he beheld the workmanſhip ſupreme,
Narciſſus had eſcap'd the fatal ſtream.
Painting beſtows the pencil's nice command,
Ten-times more charming in a charming hand.
Officious *Muſic* needleſs aid imparts;
Ah, one's enough t' enchant a million hearts!
BOUNTY was laviſh in that hour; for ſtill,
Wit points thoſe charms, and gives them pow'r to kill.
Nay, BOUNTY had been cruel ſo to do,
But that ſhe join'd *Benevolency* too.

Invidious *Graces*! Why do ye combine
To ſhew my dimneſs, as the more ye ſhine?
Yet while I view, I feel (and thence am bleſt)
Something cogenial animate my breaſt.
Blaze, 'till, refin'd by your indulgent ray,
Like you I ſhine, and blend a mutual day.

But how can I, at humble diſtance caſt,
Look up to you, whoſe very frown would blaſt;
'Leſs you in goodneſs graciouſly reſtore,
At leaſt, the ſun-ſhine, you indulg'd before?

With

With different tempers diff'rent treatment ſuits:
This truth ſhall be exemplify'd in brutes.

A pamper'd *Spaniel*, over dainty grown,
Diſdains to fetch and carry for a bone;
Sneaks off, and tries his miſcreant head to hide,
Conſcious of guilt and cowardly in his pride;
But, if you diſcipline his ſides with cane,
The Culprit's your obſequious Slave again;
Creeps to your feet, and fawns with ſo much ſenſe,
As if he'd rather die, than give offence.
Submiſſion charms us: We are born to rule:
But i'n't the Dog a raſcal and a fool?
The *Lap-dog*, conſcious, not of worth poſſeſt,
But of ſtrange fondneſs in his Lady's breaſt,
Now ſooths, now ſnarls; not fearing to offend;
Meanly ungrateful to his too-kind Friend;
From baſe ill-humor ne'er is he exempt,
Except when ſchool'd by hunger and contempt.
The favor'd *Lion*, of a noble mind,
Is grateful without meanneſs; firmly kind,
But ſervile never: We muſt ſtill approve
His generous ſpirit, in reſent or love.
Honor *will* always, and alone *can*, draw
His noble ſoul; for Honor is his law.

Theſe *Turns* of diff'rent beaſts (and more by ten)
May all be found in our one ſpecies men:
Nay, Fiend and Angel ſcarce more diſtant are,
Than man from man, in point of Character.

A Tale ſo plain, 'twere folly to apply:
You know the moral better much than I:
With nice diſcernment to inſpect the mind,
And treat with juſt diſtinction ev'ry kind.

So far as it concerns myſelf, I'll ſay:
Great Nature formed Me of pliant clay:
Own your admirer, ſet his heart at eaſe,
He's this or that, whate'er your Graces pleaſe.

To a LADY.

'TWAS when this *Globe*, where, deſtin'd, we to-day
Enjoy the feaſt, the labor and the play,
To hate, to love, to ſorrow and to laugh,
To follow feathers, fight for nature's chaff—
'Twas when, I ſay, this Globe, this earth and main,
Turn'd this ſide from the *Sun*, to turn again;

As

As men repent, to ſin with keener taſte;
Or change their follies, ſated with the paſt:
The *Sun*, remote, juſt left *Britannia*'s eyes;
While *Evening* ſtay'd behind to cloſe the skies:
The *Sun*'s old porter, like a noble, ſtood;
His gaudy livery was a ſuit of cloud,
Flowing down gracefully in many a fold,
Sable and crimſon, edg'd with beamy gold:
'Twas then, when *Belles*, who hate the rude-ey'd *Sun*,
Which broadly ſtares, and looks their beauties dun,
When *Belles*, moſt like gay Goddeſſes, at eve,
Steal forth to breathe, and votive ſighs receive,
Guarded with bipeds, vulgarly call'd *Beaux*,
Human in form, but ſomething more in cloaths,
Larger than lap-dogs, timid yet as thoſe;
'Twas then, I ſay, at that important hour,
When Love and Beauty rule in height of pow'r,
That I, from their dominion long ago
Condemn'd an exile, yet eſteem'd no foe,
Immur'd in ſolitude, and muſing o'er
The various incidents of life before,
Roſe, as did Sampſon from th' inſidious bed,
Snapping his fetters like a ſindged thread;
I, from reveries riſing, did diveſt
The bonds of *Indolence*, my treacherous gueſt;
Aim'd to be chearful, tho' too dull to jeſt:

My

My idle hand ſnatch'd up the ready pen,
Reſolv'd to ſcrawl to You, juſt there and then.

How happy to augment, tho' but a mite,
The ſacred treaſury of your delight!
Each fool can injure, and each fop can teaze;
The friendly *Muſe* aſpires to aid and pleaſe;
And, to thoſe ends, is curious to purſue
Some object, worthy her, and worthy you.

Faint is the pleaſure, and too frail t'endure,
Which rhymes, like mine, ignoble, can procure;
But (thanks to Heav'n!) you hold the ſureſt claim
To nobleſt pleaſures, pleaſures ſcorning fame:
Worth is the title, which your claim can raiſe;
Confeſs'd by all, from whom one values praiſe:
Free adoration meets her glorious beam;
While crowns and kingdoms cannot buy eſteem.

The Great may flutter in the gorgeous ſpoil
Of land and ſea; and quaff the ſweets of toil;
Stride o'er the world, our envy and our fear;
Seem drunk with joy; but *Worth* is joy ſincere!
Serenely ſhining, like the fixed pole
Immoveable, immortal as the ſoul.
Sometimes a cloud conceals her from our ſight;
But ſeen, we gladly celebrate her light.

When

When Friendſhip, like a miſt-diſpelling gale
At ſummer's morn, develops once the veil,
The veil of modeſty, which her confines,
We ſee tranſported, and exclaim--*She ſhines!*

Indeed but few are juſt to what they feel:
The chains of Form, more ſtrong than chains of ſteel,
Tie mute the friendly tongue; or foppiſh Art,
Sounding her praiſes, overtops its part,
And breeds diſguſt; or Envy (conſtant ſhade)
Clouds her with ſlander, 'till ſhe ſeem to fade.
Such is the fate, that Worth muſt ever find
Among all ranks of Vulgar in mankind.

Great God of Heav'n and this terraqueous ball!
Who giv'ſt, rejoiceſt in, the good of all;
Who ſeeſt the heart, who ev'ry thought doſt weigh!
Who honor'ſt truth, and them who truth obey!
How dares the heart aſſume perverſe diſguiſe?
Is to diſſemble or calumniate wiſe?
Rather be truth beyond all human reach,
Than ſo diſgrac'd by ill-according ſpeech:
Nay, man be dumb!—why ſhould not Heav'n refuſe
What man will either ſtifle or abuſe?

My

My voice ſhall ever boldly trumpet forth,
Wherever due, the juſt applauſe of Worth!

Pope, whom you read, in principle was free;
His art, not doctrine, is admir'd by me:
Too ſuperficial on a theme profound;
His maxims falſe, his arguments unſound:
Blindly aſtray in metaphyſic road,
He charges Evil all on Fate and God:
But yet, he could not fairly Sin acquit:
Let us, where due, lay all the blame, on *it*.

Attach'd to pleaſure, and of genius vain,
Many forge ſyſtems in their airy brain;
Nature and God to their ſtrange fancies bend,
Explaining Both to ſuit their fav'rite end;
To ſuit licentious appetite and pride;
And ſet the rigid Scripture-truths aſide:
(For, ſince the precepts on the faith will ſtand,
The Creed muſt fall, to murder the Command)
But ſurely 'tis a wretched courſe, they take,
Who ſtrive to be perſwaded to miſtake:
A falſe perſwaſion can but lull their fear
A little ſpace, to let them riot here:
The Fiends of Death will ſhortly ſieze them prey,
And drag to torments, deep-immur'd from day.

O why

O why do Sinners hate the Scripture-creed,
Where Grace invites? 'Tis, ſure, what *they* moſt need!
On Nature's law preſume they to rely?
They ſtill chooſe bane! by Nature's law they die.
Stern Nature thunders -" Die!"--without reprieve:
Mild Grace alone calls ſweetly—" Turn and live!"
Repentance, true, (hard taſk!) ſhe claims: ſhe muſt!
She can but ſave *the willing to be juſt.*
Sacred thro' Chriſt, does her commiſſion run;
Such honor God decrees himſelf and ſon,
The *Holy Ghoſt* muſt have due homage paid,
Chriſt's Vicar ſent with Angel-hoſts, our aid.
Ah! wou'd we leſs?—Shou'd Majeſty divine
His moſt illuſtrious attribute reſign,
His peerleſs Holineſs? Nor riſe to prove
Of Sin his hate, of Righteouſneſs his love?
No! Truth forbids!—To all he'll have it known,
None without holineſs approach his Throne.
In *Chriſt* he means this leſſon to diſplay;
Then bids—*All him embrace, All him obey.*
Whoe'er this ſacred Name perverſly ſpurn,
Though crown'd in this World, in the next ſhall burn:
Whoe'er this ſacred Name aright revere
Shall ſhine in Glory there, tho' abject here.

This

This World, dear Lady, (*Dear* let me addreſs!
Word never pen more juſtly might expreſs)
This World's a jeſt: regard the World to come.
Our conduct here decides our future doom.
Act the immortal!—Short, unſure the date,
Frail each condition, of this mortal State,
Why ſhou'd its higheſt joys engroſs our care;
Or deepeſt woes o'erwhelm us with deſpair?
Why ſhou'd they tempt us out of Virtue's road,
To riſque our title to the grace of God?
Adhere to truth; and then your claim is ſure,
And then alone, to joys, which ſhall endure.

But, leſt my Friend ſhou'd think, I cenſure hard;
And with injurious ſcorn condemn her Bard;
I own his numbers riſe with accent true;
And fall with cadence ſoft as morning dew:
Good ſenſe and wit, to grace an Angel's tongue,
Often o'erflow in his melodious ſong:
Nor am I ſure, nor do I mean to ſay,
That ill affections made *his* judgment ſtray.

When thoſe dread Angels, who appointed are
To cite us mortals to the final bar,
Shall from the clouds, like flaming light'nings, ſpring,
Auguſt, tremendous; ſhake the thundering wing;
And

And blow the ſolemn trump, whoſe ſound ſhall
ſpread
The loud alarm, that muſt awake the Dead;
When *Chriſt* our Lord, ſhall iſſue, glory-crown'd,
With awful pomp of radiant Angels round,
Enrob'd in all the Majeſty of GOD,
To judge this World, where once he victim trod,
And ſhall ſit down upon his judgment-throne
Then ſhall the ſecrets of all hearts be known.

To a LADY.

WHILE proud *Ambition* meditates a
throne,
The papal mitre, or a realm undone,
Diſmantled cities, deſolated farms,
The pomp, the plunder, and the waſte of arms,
To trample Innocence with iron ſhod,
Intoxicate and drench'd with human blood:
While *Patriot-Britons* ſeriouſly diſpute
Which wiſe-head ſhall be in, and which be out:
While *Avarice* graſps, at one voracious view,
The golden hills of *Indy* and *Peru*;
In fancy bears them to her dark abode,
And groans and ſtaggers underneath the load,
Like fabled Giants, who the mountains hurl'd,
To batter *Jove* from his imperial World:

While

While *Luxury*, in gold and purple dreſt,
On velvet ſofa languiſhes to reſt;
Indulging indolence and ſoft deſires,
Sooth'd with the airs of Eunuchs' wanton lyres,
Till pleaſure's touches and the fuming bowl
Relax the body, ſtupify the ſoul:
While *Sickneſs* toſſes on the wringing bed,
Or on her pillow droops her aching head,
Deſires the light, and yet the light does hate,
Prays now for this, now for another, ſtate,
O'erwhelm'd with anguiſh and convuls'd with pain,
The furious fever boiling thro' each vein:
While brawny *Toil* each livid limb diſtends,
And plies his engines to laborious ends,
To feed, defend, to pleaſure and adorn
Our feeble race, to pride and miſ'ry born,
Drudging unweary, 'till the ling'ring light
Dies in the weſt, and leaves the world in night:
While ſilent *Study*, lonely and intent
On latent Things, to learn or to invent,
Seems like a ſtatue, motionleſs, to pore
On volumes, as the Miſer on his ore,
Watching for knowledge, 'till the vitals freeze,
Yet nothing gains but folly and diſeaſe:
While thro' the flow'ry meads and verdant woods,
And by the moſſy banks of ſilver floods,
The *genial pow'r of Love* extends her reign,
Tranſporting ev'ry Nymph and ev'ry Swain:

While

While *amorous Sorrow* mourns a lover dead,
Or (ſtill more deep diſtreſs !) a lover fled;
With weeping pale, and fix'd her down-caſt eyes,
Grief all her thought, her language only ſighs,
Sits ſweetly mournful, like a ſmitten flow'r,
A lily drooping in a flooding ſhow'r:
While blooming *Joy*, who, vigorous and gay,
Derides at care, and frolics life away,
Who feaſts with Health, and in her charming breaſt
Sinks to repoſe (for Health gives all her zeſt,
Lights up her eyes with ardors, early dips
In roſy dews her love-inviting lips)
I ſay, while blooming *Joy* parades along
With *Mirth* and *Wit*, with *Muſic*, *Dance* and *Song*:
While *You*, with finger elegantly free,
Command the needle, pencil or the key,
Or take the air, or ſome good author find
Richly to ſtore your amiable mind,
Or chearful with your Couſins talk and play,
And ſpend in gentle eaſe the ſmiling day:
I, here ſerene, find nothing elſe to do,
But ſomething to amuſe myſelf and You;
Happy, if it may furniſh ſome delight
To You to read, what I for paſtime write.

Like Miſer's bounty, 'till his death unknown,
While I enjoy it, it is mine alone.
When Fancy's Act is done, the play is o'er;
All vaniſhes; my pleaſure is no more:

Then

Then you may take the ſcrawl, and read and ſcan;
And freely make the moſt of it, You can.

In this unſettled ſtate, who does not find
The frequent flux and reflux of the mind?
Paſſions and ſentiments now ſink, now riſe:
A Fool this moment, ſhall the next be wiſe.
One cauſe, at diff'rent times, yields joy and ſorrow:
To-day's dear follies fade before To-morrow:
We loſe our former ſelves: 'Tis *Wiſdom*'s part
To *know the right*, and *there* to *fix* the *heart*.

Without her guiding beam if *Paſſion* rove,
With ev'ry object varies hate and love;
Still doubtful where to bend, and where adhere;
As ſome blind Pilgrim knows not how to ſteer,
Left in a Wild, directed by the wind,
Which ſometimes blows before, ſometimes behind.

Yet half mankind (who but for joy and pain,
Impreſs'd by twitches, wou'd exiſt in vain)
By fluctuating follies ever keep
From that perpetual Calm, where they wou'd ſleep,
Wou'd eat and drink, and propagate their ſtock,
Like Oyſters cruſted on a ſlimy rock,
Abſorbed in a dull and dead repoſe,
Regardleſs of all others' joys and woes.

All

All ſenſe of duty, and all love of truth,
Perhaps extinguiſh'd in the dawn of youth,
Their giddy follies make them active ſtill,
And uſeful to the world, tho' meaning ill.
To graſp a clod, and drop it at the grave,
In fields of ſlaughter to be counted brave,
To gain a place, a title or a ſtring,
To be the fav'rite ſpaniel of a King,
To gratify mere luxury and pride,
While nothing's meant, nay, all diſclaim'd beſide,
What glorious deeds, what graces, thoſe impart,
Who are the verieſt dæmons at the heart!

Vice makes Vice uſeful too in other ſort;
(A ſerious doctrine! now tho' preach'd in Sport)
Uſeful as natural Evil, to chaſtiſe
Its Votaries: Fools ſcourg'd by fools grow wiſe.
But O how bleſt, had Vice been never known!
Then, it is plain, there had been need of none.

As oft in Nature oppoſites produce
The ſame effects, and prove of equal uſe;
It happens frequently in Morals too,
That Vice effects what Virtue ought to do;
Does Good thro' pride, thro' intereſt, or thro' chance;
Does God and Man in glory more advance.

Yet

Yet neither God nor Man needs Vice's aid;
An ugly Monſter, which God never made;
A ſin-born curs'd Deformity, the birth
Of vile abuſe, by godlike Pow'rs brought forth:
It brought diſorder into Nature's plan;
And ſhed a fatal peſtilence o'er man.
Tho' ſometimes Vice the path of Virtue preſs,
Diſguiſed too in Virtue's comely dreſs,
'Tis harlot-art to make her prey more ſure;
'Tis Satan's wile the fooliſh to allure.
If ſometimes Vice does good, ſhe ſtill intends
Evil; in evil to herſelf ſhe ends.
By Vice the world is ever ſunk in woe:
Virtue alone can general bliſs beſtow:
'Tis Virtue only gives, or can poſſeſs,
That all-ſought Prize, *conſummate Happineſs.*

Be your's and mine—O limit not the bliſs!
Let univerſal Nature join in this—
Virtue's pure joy!—In this let all combine;
And all at once be happy and divine!

To a LADY.

I. MADAM, declare—May I, or may I not,
Preſume to write to You, were ſermons wrote?
Malice wou'd ſcowl on the addreſs, if ſhewn:
" *Neighbors, behold the Tempter in a Gown!*"
The Serpent's form, you know, the Tempter bore,
When he beguil'd our Grandam, *Eve*, of yore:
Yet don't ſuppoſe him, Ma'am, to ſhape confin'd
Of limb or coat; he tempts in any kind,
In any dreſs—ſo impudent!—'tis known,
He has not bluſh'd at ſcarlet or at lawn.
But I to Villains leave inſidious views:
I will indulge my folly, to amuſe.

I've no pretenſions to the Cap of Wit.
" *Good reaſon why*!"—You mean, it wou'd not fit.
Well! truly humble is my whole deſign:
I wiſh to pleaſe; but will not toil to ſhine.

II. Wits are a ſpecies of the human Race,
Too often aiming at its laſt diſgrace;
Mere Zanies on the ſtage of life, in ſhort,
Who rave, to make the dull Spectators ſport.

Nay

Nay to the beſt and wiſeſt is decreed
A vain, a poor pre-eminence indeed!
To be but higher hung to public view:
"*The admiration!*"—Aye!—the terror too!
Beheld as Spectres, which, in lonely glades
Gliding by moonſhine, frighten rural Maids:
Their uſe the ſame; inſtead of penal law,
To keep the Weak and Wicked under awe.

Pure Wit the Good and Senſible commend:
But Wit is ſeldom choſen in a Friend:
For Wit, tho' honor'd, is repuls'd by Pride,
Which never likes a Friend, it cannot guide.
The witty may be virtuous, all admit:
But all imagine danger in a Wit.
So free republics, jealous tho' ſecure,
Abhor in patriot Kings the Tyrant's pow'r:
So ſinners dread, what never yet did ill,
Almighty pow'r, which, as it ſaves, can kill.

III. Why Wits are dreaded Reaſons may be ſtore;
Some in themſelves, and in their neighbors more.

To thoſe, who deem of honor and of ſhame
(As wits may do) by vulgar praiſe and blame,
Error has charms aſtoniſhingly ſtrong:
And what, but *this*, tempts erring mortals wrong?

Juſtly

Juſtly 'tis fear'd, that thoſe will greatly err,
Whoſe pow'r is great to Vices, men prefer.
But ſince the peſt by them, it plagues, is nurſt,
(I claim your candor) tell me who is worſt?
Children thro' life, men gape at Noiſe and Show;
Count Miſchief brave; and Worth deſpiſe, if ſlow:
Benevolence, Utility, look mean,
When Pride and glorious Miſchief take the ſcene.
Hence Tyrants, Heroes, Orators and Wits,
Who copy Hell in all, that mortals fits:
Hence ſchiſms, rebellions and contentions fierce
From States to ſtalls, throughout the univerſe.
Dreading contempt, all ſtart up, to a man,
To be the moſt contemptible, they can:
Profeſſing honor, all invert its rules:
Affecting wiſdom, all at once turn fools:
Madly infringe, that each his claim may prove,
The perfect bond and bliſs of nature, *Love.*

God (whoſe great end is univerſal peace
And perfect good) commands that crimes may
ceaſe;
Inculcates mercy, mercy moſt ſublime,
And pardon full, where pardon is no crime;
(That is, where pardon prompts not to offend;
For elſe muſt rigor riſe, to guard the End)
But who to peace or mercy will incline,

Ev'n tho' commanded by the Voice divine,
When only Miſchief on this Earth can ſhine?

" *Have you no ſpirit, ſenſe, nor generous blood?*
" *'Tis moſt ridiculous weakneſs to be good.*"

So preach the Vulgar, ſmall and great:—no merit
Is like a choice malignity of ſpirit.
The maxim grows, that *Love, to be ſincere,*
Muſt twine her tender union faſt with Fear.
Hence firm allegiance Tyrants hope to prove
From fear and admiration, more than love;
They know, ſuch grandeur and applauſe belong,
In common vogue, to daring deeds of wrong.

But, generous Spirits! ſuch ungenerous rules
Leave to their Authors, Tyrants, ſlaves and fools!
Nothing can him to guilty wit entice,
Whoſe generous ſoul diſdains that ſneaking vice,
Love of mean fame, a fond deſire to ſhare
Applauſe, which Virtue lothes and cannot bear.
The trump of God thro' Heav'n's extent ſhall tell,
Not who moſt ſhin'd, but meant and acted well.
Noble Ambition ſcorns a paltry prize:
It ſoars at views, to which low minds ne'er riſe:
It ſoars at joys and glories grand and true,
Worthy of ſouls immortal to purſue.

But

But grant a Perſon of ingenious mind
Upright, and like a guardian Angel kind;
Who both refrains Wit's poignant ſhafts to uſe,
And ſtrives his neighbor's foibles to excuſe;
What does he gain?—What oft fond parents prove
From worthleſs children, inſolence for love.
O baſe reward!—If thus men *will* be baſe,
What *can* preſerve them from their fate, diſgrace?
Many ſeem with that haughty meanneſs born,
Allow them conſequence, they pay you ſcorn.
Many, thro' luſt to ſhine, their friends infeſt;
And moſt aſſail the brighteſt and the beſt.
A rancorous envy in the heart does ſneak;
Chiefly, among the Worthleſs and the Weak.
Hence, Men of wit muſt oft employ the lance,
To teach ſuch Fools their inſignificance.

Thus Ma'am, you ſee, of reaſons there be ſtore,
In Wits themſelves, and in their Neighbors more,
To make Wits dreaded.——I wou'd not be ſo
By any, but a fool and villain Foe.

To

To a LADY.

WHAT trifling Paſſions little Life annoy?
Anxieties for bliſs the thing deſtroy.
See Pleaſure This, and Honour That purſues;
This, boundleſs Riches, which he cannot uſe.
Men, pronely bent ill appetites to pleaſe,
To raviſh Pleaſure often murder Eaſe.
The ſon of Honor in this claſs is ſeen,
A ruffian ſpirit, acting all that's mean;
With his own ſpecies evermore at ſtrife,
He makes a baited Badger of his life.
The fool, that ſcrapes to line his dirty neſt,
Robs and is robb'd; ſtill Knave does Knave infeſt:
How happy He, who luckily gets moſt!
Alas! his All is gotten to be loſt!
Alas! alas! can any good betide
Such Compounds baſe of av'rice, luſt and pride!

Thouſands of ways all-gracious Heav'n applies,
To caution Folly, and bold Guilt chaſtiſe:
All Nature's pow'rs of mechaniſm and will
Exert their force, repreſſing ill with ill:
One fatal moment totally defeats
The fond importance of all vain conceits;
War, deluge, earthquake, a vulcano's rage
Cruſh in a glance the labors of an age:

All

All living join to puniſh or deſtroy
The life that brings them peſtilent annoy.
Yet long experience ſcarce makes Any find
The real intereſt of himſelf and kind,
Charity pure, which beſt cou'd aid and heal
The various wants and woes, we mortals feel;
And which, when tranſient objects are no more,
Wou'd make us triumph on the heav'nly ſhore.

We ſtrive for ev'ry thing, but what we ought;
Forever ſure to miſs the ſubſtance ſought,
That *ſweet Complacency*, without allay,
The gift of God to them, who God obey;
Sure ſtill to miſs th' ineſtimable prize,
Which in the boſom of *Jehovah* lies,
His *beatific Love*, exhauſtleſs Cauſe,
Whence Grace on Earth, in Heav'n whence Glory flows:
Pious Obedience only can ſecure
That perfect bliſs, eternal to endure.

We take ſhort views, erroneous counſels frame,
Sollicit ruin, glory in our ſhame;
'Till we, like flow'rs, the beauteous tribes of May,
From hurt or age obnoxious to decay,
Which rifling hand, or careleſs foot may ſpoil,
Fade, fall and mingle with our parent ſoil.
Then, from the ruin in amazement flown,
The trembling Soul ſhoots into depths unknown,

Some

Some bliſsful Paradiſe or gulph of woe,
The manſion of the Dead, where ſpirits go
To wait the grand revival, and the call
To final Judgment; when *Meſſiah* ſhall
Award the righteous amaranthine wreaths,
Where pleaſures ever flow, and joy forever breathes;
Inflict on ſinners chains and penal fire,
Where Fiends tormented to torment conſpire:
Trial all paſt, mild Grace no more finds room;
Stern Juſtice ſeals the everlaſting doom.

Madam, forgive this moralizing vein,
The ſolemn theme, the eaſy humble ſtrain.
I write whate'er emerges into thought:
Perhaps you'd rather, nothing had been wrote.
Since your amuſement fondly I intend;
Be pleas'd to pardon, if you can't commend.

The precious ores of all *Potoſi*'s rills
What caſſia breathes, odorous myrrh diſtiles
The fruitage flavor'd by the torrid breeze,
The painted potwork of the vain *Chineſe*,
The fineſt thread of Indian ſilkworm's toil,
The flax of *Nubia* by the ſource of *Nile*,
And all with ſkill inimitably wrought,
That Envy could not grin at finding fault:
In ſhort, to ſave the trouble of detail,
Shou'd ev'ry point ſend home a laden ſail,

With

With rich and rare of All beneath the ſkies,
All, which the Curious and the Courtly prize—
To theſe a Youth of gallant form and mind,
No ſoft *Adonis*, nor of Lemnian kind—
If at your feet this Youth and all his ſtore
Preſented were—(could Lady covet more?)—
No, not all theſe preponderate your Deſert;
Nor juſtly poize the virtues of your heart.

This call not flattery, tho' the figure's ſtrong;
Ev'n ſnarling Critics licence ſons of ſong.
My meaning wiſhes all, that Earth can give
To make you happy, while on Earth you live:
For tho' in Heav'n above or Earth below
Externals cannot Happineſs beſtow,
Without that *ſomething*, out of vulgar view,
Divine-born Virtue, which reſides with you;
Yet are Externals requiſite to Bliſs:
God grant you *Thoſe*, as he indulg'd you *This!*

An ODE. *To the* MUSES.

LIGHTLY touch the quiv'ring ſtrings,
Airy as the Linnet ſings,
Mellow as the pleaſing tale,
In ſilent eve, of Nightingale.

O who,

O who, O ye Muſes! ſo gentle and gay,
As blythe as the morning, as blooming as May,
Enliv'ning as ſun-ſhine, refreſhing as dew;
O who, O ye Muſes! delights us like you?
You the ſpark of Love inſpire,
Breathing up the genial fire:
You point all his golden darts;
And wing them ſharp to tender hearts.

By the ſtream of a fountain diſtil'd from the rocks,
The margin all thymy, delight of the flocks,
Ye Muſes with Sylvans indulgently play:
Go ſhew me a Monarch ſo happy as they.
Study, when ſhe long explores,
Deep deſcends or lofty ſoars,
Sues ye, as the thirſty ſlave
Deſires the cooling chryſtal wave.

Among moſſy cloyſters, where Learning and Eaſe
Combine to beſtow all their ſweets and degrees
Each Youth importunes you, adoring your ſhrine,
To carol the orgies of Beauty and Wine.
Courts, in whoſe illuſive blaze,
Pleaſure's ev'ry phantom plays,
Your kind ſolace oft intreat,
Of Fancy's pangs the healing ſweet.

If Envy is wounded by ſmile or by bow,
The Courtier in coach or in chair flies to you;

Unkind

Unkind is bright Beauty, unmil'd awful Pow'r,
Ye mild, ye bright Muſes! your comfort's ſtill
ſure!

On FALSE FRIENDSHIP,

At the Requeſt of a FRIEND.

EAGLES, ſtooping from above,
Warn to flight the trembling Dove.
Lions roaring after prey,
Chaſe the weaker beaſts away.
Lo, the honeſt brutes deſpiſe
Perfidy and mean diſguiſe.
Open lies the Spider's ſnare,
Broke with eaſe, or ſhun'd with care.
None allures with friendly ſmiles;
None with feigned love beguiles:
None of brutal race we find
E'er to ruin wooe their kind.
Like old Satan to deceive,
Man, is thy prerogative!

Gentle ſpeech, engaging mien,
Hiding enmity within,
Bring the very Fiend to ſight,
Garniſh'd like a ſon of light.

Ah,

Ah, Misfortune never knows
Where to flee, or where repoſe!
Dangers ev'ry-where ſurround:
Eager thouſands watch to wound.
Few have virtue to be friends;
All purſuing ſordid ends.

Some, with childiſh pride elate,
Friends, but only friends for ſtate;
Fond to have dependence ſhewn;
Like a Monkey on a throne;
By feign'd kindneſs bring you low;
By feign'd kindneſs keep you ſo.

Some your ſervices to ſhare,
Wondrous kindly ſpeak you fair.
When the Dupe their load has borne,
Meanly then they ſneer him ſcorn:
Oft repay him with a boaſt,
They, forſooth, oblig'd him moſt.

Some inſidiouſly purſue
Friendſhip, with the baſeſt view:
Prompt the open heart to ſay
What miſconſtru'd they betray:
Method certain to obtain
Goſſip favor, goſſip gain.

Fools, impel'd by childiſh whim,
Mutable as vapor ſeem :
Moſt with Int'reſt change their Friends,
Steady but to ſelfiſh ends :
Nothing, but a chain of gold,
Their abandon'd hearts can hold.

When we riſe, our Luck the while
All congratulate and ſmile ;
Ever pleas'd, while gratify'd
Their expectance or their pride.
When we fall, the paltry crew
Soon forſake, nor bid adieu.
Soon, if Need ſollicit aid,
Ev'ry ſneaking ſoul is fled :
Each from conſcious guilt will grow
Vileſt traitor, fierceſt foe ;
Foul detractor will commence ;
Feigning lyes in ſelf-defence :
Crime with crime he will defend :
Works of malice know no end :
Malice in mean Souls will live ;
They who injure ne'er forgive.

Difficulties ever try
Where we ſafely may rely ;
Point out merits, which we may
Think upon ſome happy day ;

Point

Point out meaneſs, which in time
May with bluſhes own its crime.

Where's the noble ſoul, that dares
Succor wants and ſoften cares?
Whom Misfortune well may truſt
To reſtore her from the duſt?
Who to aid Misfortune ſprings
Gladly on Compaſſion's wings.

Guardian Angels! if ye find
Such a great and god-like Mind,
Let him ſhine to me confeſt,
Theme of Song and welcome gueſt!

Ironical Advice *to a* FRIEND.

NO wonder Vice conciliates repute!
Each Brute aſſociates with his brother Brute.
Who, finely bred, accompliſh'd well in Vice,
Would be without it for a Kingdom's price?
It is the myſtery, that makes us free,
Like Maſons, of the world's Society.
Your Friends will dub you *gratis*, if you pleaſe;
Teach you with care, and load you with degrees;
Rejoicing o'er you with ſincere delight,
That Hell, thro' them, has gain'd one proſelyte:
The hoſt of Angels not rejoicing more,
When cowardly ſinners ſhrink, repent, adore.

Virtue

Virtue unenvy'd thro' this world may paſs;
Or furniſh wonder, like our Sovereign's Aſs: *
But—"Ouns!" cries Bravo—"I abhor to ſee
"That godly ſatire on the world and me!
"It checks our freedom, daſhes all our mirth;
"And tells ſuch dreams of Heav'n, as ſadden Earth.
"Bray!—let it bray in pulpits!—Prieſts are paid;
"And talking holy nonſenſe is their trade:
"But 'tis quite ſhocking to be ſeen abroad
"In public life!——I hate it like a Toad!"

Virtue no ſoul of Faſhion can endure:
He that is poor, with Virtue *may* be poor.
Would you be rich; riſe up a man of mode:
No man of ſpirit ſerves or values GOD:
Religion quit! Religion ever ſhun!
Religion's Dupes are ruin'd and undone!
Such are for all ſociety unfit,
'Mong men of buſineſs or 'mong men of wit.

Go learn the world!——I do not mean, to gaze,
Reflect and moralize; but learn its ways;
Learn and purſue with unrelenting zeal;
And have ſuch ſenſe as others have to feel:
Do not to men as you would have them do;
But do to them as you are done unto.

If

* The Queen's Zebra, which at this time drew numbers to ſee it.

If ſome choice Spirit robs you in the ſtreet;
Make you repriſals on the next you meet.
Right canine fierceneſs labor to attain:
When any ſcoundrel bites you, bite again:
Be not outdone; but to the laſt conteſt
Great Miſchief's glory with the boldeſt creſt.

Mark this, my Friend!

The World has many ways
For hopeful Youngſters to aſpire to praiſe:
Wealth, honor, pleaſure, all, inviting, ſhine:
Conſult thy genius: Which thou lik'ſt be thine.

This Globe, my friend, unnumber'd worlds contains:
The worlds of pleaſures, and the worlds of gains;
The worlds of honor, and the worlds of dreſs;
The worlds of gaming and of idleneſs.
The Wiſe enjoy their own, its fartheſt hem:
While all beſide are Antipodes to them,
Who, as they ween, like Giants in the moon,
Or flies on cielings, walk heels up, heads down.

Know thy own world: And, leſt you act amiſs,
Be ſure to know no future ſtate to This.
Adapt your knowledge to your preſent ſphere;
For what is wiſdom there is folly here.

If

If you require a comment on my ſtrain,
The Satirifts will ev'ry world explain.
They ſpend their breath to rail at Vice, 'tis true;
But only teach choice Spirits what to do:
And from a jakes drag Vice to public view.
Many had never known, had they not told,
The honorable crimes, at which they ſcold.
Men ſoon embrace what they deride or blame:
Some court ſuch lines, as eaſieſt ways to fame.
Sublime hiſtorians! They with pomp relate
The feats of Vice, her pleaſures and her ſtate,
Firing ambitious youth to emulate:
Each Youth aſpires, with all his pow'rs unfurl'd,
Like *Alexander* to ſubdue a world.

How much it grieves me, gentle Friend! to find
Remorſe and dread of Heav'n unnerve your mind!
So puſillanimous! You ne'er muſt hope
To kill your man, or bravely ſtretch a rope.
Virgins ſhall wed uninjur'd, Gaming fail,
Watchmen walk ſafe, and Wine in caſks grow ſtale,
Luxury ceaſe, the Poor in comfort breathe,
Faction expire, and Worth enjoy a wreath,
Vile Honeſty ſhall proſper—And the Sun,
Before the Conflagration, ſee the world undone!
Nay—Heav'n ſhall triumph, while the ſaints rebel;
And grace and penitence unpeople Hell!

O tell it not in Gath!—Sin boldly like the brave,
'Till Satan take your ſoul, your rotten bones the Grave!

A SONG.

THE Muſe ne'er diſſembles
My Shepherdeſs knows:
My Chloe reſembles
The ſweet blowing roſe.

She fills with good-humour
The light and the air:
Each Seaſon is Summer,
If Chloe be there.

The gay and the tender
Thy young boſom move,
With gentle ſurrender,
To yield unto Love:

'Tis well, O my Charmer!
Thy Shepherd is true;
No rudeneſs ſhall harm her,
Nor falſhood undo.

'Tis

'Tis time for the pleaſure
Which Love can beſtow:
Our moments of leiſure,
How ſwiftly they go!

How late, you remember,
The country look'd gay;
But now comes December;
All joy is away.

Our cot ſhall be ſhaken,
Our garlands ſhall fade;
The Muſe be forſaken,
The ſpring and the ſhade;

All pleaſure ſhall languiſh;
Our love laſt alone;
'Till ſickneſs and anguiſh—
Alas! We are gone!

To MAIA.

September 10th, 1767.

O Beauteous MAIA! if thy mind
A due proportion bear,
In worth and pleaſing arts refin'd,
No Maiden is more fair.

And who ſurveys the glittering ſtars,
With heav'nly ſplendor ſhine,
But owns the Ruler of the ſpheres
In wiſdom prov'd divine?

So in thy charming look, ſerene,
Expreſſion ſweetly tells
What mild Divinity within
Thy fair External dwells.

But hold! No adulation ſtain
The innocent and pure:
'Tis That, which Beauty from the vain
Muſt, Martyr-like, endure:

What nonſenſe muſt affront her ear?
What impudence her eye?
Her fate demands our pity here:
Her triumphs move a ſigh.

When Folly pleaſingly excels
In artifice of tongue,
Experienc'd Virtue ſcarce repels
The kind inſidious wrong.

May ſtill Diſcretion ſafely ſteer;
May ſtill your fortunes glide,

From

From hidden rocks and quickſands clear,
O'er Life's uncertain tide.

May Heav'n avert tempeſtuous ſtorms
And from annoyance ſpare,
Long, long, the workmanſhip, it forms
With ſuch exceeding care.

That ev'ry bleſſing may remain,
As ought on earth, unmov'd,
For worth prefer ſome happy Swain,
Your choſen, your belov'd.—

For worth—with each advantage more,
Which, added, you can gain;
Let worth be chief; without it, ſtore
And titles were but vain.

Mean-while, your pardon ſoftly ſmile
On this intruſive ſcrawl;
The firſt perhaps in ſuch a ſtyle,
The laſt, that e'er may fall.

This offering, Madam, to your praiſe
Means only to divert;
Such tribute as a Poet pays
To Beauty and Deſert.

To the SAME.

The preceding, happening to be ſent ſoon after a little unlucky Incident, which the Author then knew nothing of, it was ſuppoſed to inſinuate ſomething of Reproof, for which there was indeed no occaſion;—The following was therefore intended as an explanation.

MADAM, if happineſs were mine to give,
You not one moment ſhould uneaſy live:
Riſing at will, and flowing to your hand,
Eternal pleaſures were at your command;
With perfect health and virtue to enjoy;
(For without virtue pleaſures but deſtroy.)
But all my efforts little can avail:
Things have their courſe; and mortals muſt be frail.

O wiſe Omnipotent! 'tis juſtly thine
To deal our portions—'tis a taſk divine,
Suits Thee alone, of whom is underſtood
What's moſt expedient for our final good.
I can no more, than wiſh, adviſe and aid
With feeble pow'r, my amiable Maid.

Sorry

Sorry I am, my freedom, kindly meant,
Should work ſo contrary to my intent.
I now repeat it, *at your friend's requeſt*,
To baniſh doubt, and eaſe your fluttering breaſt.
My Billet was, whatever it might ſeem,
The pure effect of kindneſs and eſteem.
So great a compliment I never pay,
Unleſs ſome ſtriking object paſs my way.
Few Ladies, Madam, can, or e'er ſhall boaſt
Such high encomiums, furniſh'd at my coſt:
(I prize my compliments!) of thoſe, that do,
Yourſelf, the laſt, ſtand faireſt in my view.

I ſaw, your fallen countenance betray'd
Imboſom'd harm,—which inſtantly convey'd
A like effect to very conſcious me:
For who reſiſts the force of ſympathy?
An heart, that could an armed hoſt defy,
Will faint and tremble at a Lady's eye.

But once got wrong, we reel in error ſtill;
And blunt apologies increaſe the ill:
Excuſing and correcting faults before
Will make one fault beget an hundred more:
Perhaps, I'm only adding to my crimes.
Forgiveneſs, Ma'm! to me and to my rhimes!

Forgiveneſs

Forgiveneſs grant!—the time may come at laſt,
When we ſhall meet, and laugh at fancies paſt.

When next we meet, reſerve and form be far;
With ev'ry imp of jealouſy and war:
Be our companions ſuch as we may praiſe;
And in whoſe converſe we could ſpend our days;
With ſenſe combining elegance and eaſe;
Ready alike to be pleas'd and to pleaſe:
Above weak arrogance and little guile;
Sincere and chearful as a Cherub's ſmile;
Content and conſtant; knowing both t'employ
Life's fair advantages, and to enjoy;
And, in a word, (where much is underſtood)
Exploring happineſs by being *good*.
Such, might I chooſe, my company ſhould be:
And would not ſuch pleaſe you, as well as me?
Pleaſures in ſuch Society o'erflow!
Pleaſures, which the virtuous only know!

This world ſeems Eden, opening on the ſight
Of joyous youth its treaſures of delight;
Looks all inchanting in life's early ſpring;
Bright Beauty glows; ſoft Love and Pleaſure ſing:
Youth no ſenſation entertains, but joy:
How bland the boſom! and how briſk the eye!
But age advancing, injury invades,
If guilt corrupts not: blooming Eden fades:

Grief

Grief dims the eye with many a briny tear;
Corrodes the boſom unrelenting Care:
Life's changing day with penſive gloom deform
The roaring tempeſt and the pouring ſtorm:
Fierce heats and froſts efface the fineſt frame:
Know, thine, *O Maia!* muſt endure the ſame.

Such thoughts alone inſpir'd me, when I drew
My too bold pen, to write at firſt to you.
Charm'd with your *Beauty*, anxious to reveal
What, I believe, no duty bids conceal,
I would write ſomething; and, among the reſt,
Inſinuate advice:—but all in jeſt!

In jeſt or earneſt, Ma'm, ne'er comes in vain
What your reflexions may convert to gain.
You, prime in youth, conſpicuous by your charms,
Require the guard of Caution's ſtrongeſt arms,
To give protection againſt Fortune's frown,
Our ſex's vice, the envy of your own;
But chiefly, him, who cruelly beguiles,
Concealing ruin under gentle ſmiles.

Now once again I ardently implore
Your pardon greatly, but your Friendſhip more;
Then bid farewel.—All happineſs enſue!
I humbly kiſs your hands.—Dear Miſs, adieu!

A SONG.

HE.

MY charming *Amanda*, farewel to the ſnow!
The yellow-hair'd willow and primroſes blow,
Each morning more gay than the former.
Now, copiouſly breathing in floſculous air,
We'll wander and wanton delightfully, where
Clear ſwift-running ſtreams gently murmur.

SHE.

See, *Damon*, the birds in the freſh-budding ſpray,
With frolic and melody joyfully gay,
Tranſportedly uttering pleaſure.
Lo, yonder the ſolemnly-ſweet-cooing dove:
The ſwallow too merrily twittering love:
Love raviſhes all beyond meaſure.

HE.

More fond than the dove, than the ſwallow more gay,
Thy *Damon* the raptures of love ſhall obey.
Our flocks are all wandering whither
The craggy-brow'd precipice wildly adorn

The

The ruſſet heath tufted and white flow'ring thorn:
Come, deareſt *Amanda*, haſte thither.

SHE.

The craggy-brow'd precipice, *Damon*, I fear:
The ſcene is romantic, but danger is near:
In lonely excurſion, ſo clever,
Some prickle may tear me, or viper aſleep
Uncoil from a tuft, or I fall down the ſteep:
Alas! I were ruin'd forever!

HE

No danger, *Amanda*, when *Damon* is nigh.
An holy-like influence beams from your eye,
Whence generous virtue is given.
With life wou'd I guard you in every ſcene.
Betray! who can perpetrate folly ſo mean?
Not I, dear *Amanda*, by heaven!

SHE

With honor attended in *Damon*'s gay form,
I'd wander a deſart, unfearful of ſtorm;
And think myſelf hallow'd from thunder.

HE

In love let us join, and thro' life let us go,
Thro' ſtilneſs or tempeſt, thro' ſunſhine or ſnow:
No fortune ſhall part us aſunder.

To

To LOTHARIO.

HOW fares *Lothario?*—Whim will have its way.
They oft talk moſt, who have the leaſt to ſay:
The lightlieſt-loaded is the ſwifteſt beaſt:
I ſcribble faſteſt, when I think the leaſt.
Why, ſo do all, I ween, And flippant ſtyle
Charms moſt the Many; makes ev'n Critics ſmile.
Moſt people judge alike of men and beer:
"No froth, my boys! No froth! No ſpirit here!"
If windy froth deliciouſly o'erflows,
Each wiſe face, captivated, drops its jaws.
"But what, You cry, means all this vulgar ſtuff?
Not angry hope!—What all folks mean—a puff.
No company, or good or bad, hard by,
Nor any living Creature, but a Fly!
To read or walk what mortal can endure!
O idleneſs! how ſpend this wretched hour?
I'll write to thee, my pleaſing Friend—Amen!
There goes the firſt wild flouriſh of my pen.

If like Enthuſiaſts, who their little ſtore
Impart to others, while themſelves need more,

Or

Or rather, like vain Prodigals, profuſe
Of wealth, ill-given ſuch ideots to its uſe,
I laviſh counſel—well!—Suppoſe I do,
The folly's mine, the profit's all to you.

My friend, I hear (it ſounds in ev'ry breeze)
Your heart is much too tender for your eaſe.
Indeed no wonder, that the amorous Fly
Stings it amain when morn-like *Flora*'s by:
Its gentle texture, if a Nymph inſtils
One genial charm, in ev'ry fibre thrills:
There ſenſe and beauty cannot fail to pleaſe,
And even make the pleaſure a diſeaſe.
Where'er gay Love unfurls his purple wings,
Each ſimple Swain his melting folly ſings;
Rude Hinds grow tame, the lenient Pow'r adore,
Nor talk obſcene, nor jibe and roiſter more:
If vulgar minds ſuch warm ſenſations know,
Thine, O *Lothario*! may be thought to glow!

But, O *Lothario*! If thou dreadeſt care,
Toil, want or anguiſh, guard thy boſom there.
Tho' beauteous *Flora* claims thy paſſion well,
And love abounds, yet prudence ſhou'd excel.
Reaſons, which juſtify thy flame, diſſwade:
Shall love deſtroy thy all-accompliſh'd Maid?
Can, without Fortune's bounty, Thou and She
From all your worth extract felicity?

No!

No!—Mutual Love, which bleſt is bliſs ſupreme,
Wou'd ſwell diſtreſs, and make each pang extreme;
The value high, the ſentiment refin'd
Excite a grief, too mighty for the mind.
Ah, leave to bloom, as you regard her good,
That ſweeteſt Roſe, that ever bluſh'd in bud:
Leave her to bloom ſome wealthier lover's bride:
Be thine the Lily fair amid the ſilver tide.

Yet, if thine heart, reluctant to ſubmit,
Abhors the thought, purſue expedients fit,
Expedients to ſecure the lovely prize
In full fruition of connubial joys.
My friend! but how? Can either pray'r or force
Incline the Stars to liſten from their courſe?
Deſert is known, and finds reward as ſoon
From thoſe above, as thoſe below the moon.
"*Uſe means! Uſe means!*" is the faſtidious rule
Of ev'ry lucky, ſelf preſuming Fool:
And means avail: But who ſhall chalk the plan?
'Tis chance exalts, occaſion proves the man.
Chance gives occaſion: but, occaſion given,
The uſe—What's more precarious under heaven?
That uſe, which renders one Attempter great,
Will oft another totally defeat.
What nice contingencies, which none foreſee!
How little, Man, thy welfare lies in thee!

Beyond

Beyond all ſophiſtry, our pow'r to fall
Is very great; to riſe, is very ſmall.

In men's affairs, all juſt obſervers know,
There's what no art can ſtem, an Ebb and Flow.
As curious *Newton* found his glaſs, by fits,
The ſun-beam now reflects and now tranſmits;
So ſomething ſecret now repels our force;
Now ſpeeds, beyond our hope, a gliding courſe.
In ſhort, purſuing learning, fortune, fame,
Great parts and application miſs their aim,
Without that due contingency of things,
Whoſe kind concurrence eaſy triumph brings.
To mark that moment, if it comes, to guide
Before the gale, and voyage with the tide,
Includes the art of ſteering to that coaſt,
Thro' life's main ocean, which we covet moſt.

Suppoſe you compaſs—(and, by all divine!
I wiſh whate'er is valuable thine!)
An affluent fortune and your lovely fair,
And all that's worthy of a wiſe man's care;
Enjoyment lies not ſolely at your will;
There's *Chance* and *Providence*, remember, ſtill.
Oft as a gurge, in hollow mountains pent,
Opens, by ſteam exploſive, ſudden vent;
Impetuous, furious, roars it down the ſteep,
And pours in dreadful journey tow'rd the deep;

Bears

Bears vills and farms, with all their ſtores of grain,
And all the flocks and herds upon the plain;
Sweeps to deſtruction all, its torrents find;
And leaves broad deſolation ſpread behind:
So ſomething ſudden, and beyond our pow'r,
Blaſts all our joys.——Then, never be ſecure!—
Think how the careleſs at the deluge far'd,
And, like good *Noah*, get an Ark prepar'd.

'Tis pure Religion, which from woe can ſave,
Diſarm Death's ſting, and triumph o'er the Grave.

The PRAISE *of* ROME.

From the Greek of ERYNNA LESBIA.

HAIL! Martial *Rome!* the golden-crown'd!
High-top'd Olympus Thou haſt found,
Which never ſhall decay;
To thee alone did Fate ordain
The glory of a ſtedfaſt reign,
And univerſal ſway.

Thy mighty bonds bind Earth and Sea;
Remoteſt nations bow to thee;

And

And Time, o'erturning all,
Still changing ſcenes, and actors new
For ever leading into view,
Not Time effects thy fall.

Of all, the ſolar beams adorn,
Thy ſons alone are Warriors born,
For conduct and for toil;
In number like the blades, that grow
Where *Ceres* does her bounty ſow
Upon a fertile ſoil.

The VISION.

AN humble *Muſe*, unknown to boaſtful Fame,
No trump requiring to reſound her praiſe,
Regarding not the glories of a Name,
If bleſt with eaſe to tune her ſimple lays,

Wrapt in ſoft ſlumbers, late, in Viſion ſaw
Events of years, as Viſion may beſeem;
Events which did the World's attention draw,
Not undeſerving of a Muſe's dream.

Lonely reclin'd beneath a broad-ſpread Oak,
Which old in ages immemorial ſprung,
She ſaw, and at the ſcene ſad ſilence broke:
Thus ſtarted plaintive accents from her tongue.

"O

" O this impious unbleſt age!
" *War*, infernal Fury, prowls;
" Slaughters with enormous rage;
" And, pleas'd with boundleſs carnage, howls.

" O were faculties e'er given
" In cruel deeds to be employ'd?
" Thus to deſtroy and be deſtroy'd?
" Impoſſible! all-ſacred Heaven!

" The Peaſant delves with honeſt toil;
" Upturns the ſurface of his field,
" In pleaſing hope, the furrow'd ſoil
" Will homely neceſſaries yield;

" In hope with labor hard and care
" To feed and clothe his babes and ſpouſe;
" And reſt content and debonair,
" At placid Eve, in ſtraw-built houſe.

" Invain his hope! invain his toil!
" The only fruit deſpair and ſpoil!

" He ſees wild Ravage waſte the field,
" Which late in irkſome ſweat he till'd.
" By trooping ſteeds his harveſt ſpurn'd;
" By cruel hands his cottage burn'd:
" Before his rueful ſtreaming eyes
" His Infants periſh, his Eſpouſed dies!

" But

" But if the Peaſant's fate imparts
" No touch to Men's obdurate hearts;
" If, thro' imagination vain,
" They ſlight the Poor and mock his pain;

" And but to pompous pamper'd Chiefs
" Vouchſafe their ſympathetic griefs;
" Behold the Great and their abodes;
" And weep, proud Worms, your mortal
" Gods!

" The once gay Palace, the once crowded Town
" Stand lonely ruins, monuments of woe:
" Stern *War*, dire iſſue of *Jehovah*'s frown,
" O'erwhelming, lays them in deſtruction low.

" The princely Chief, who lately blaz'd
" High in awful grandeur rais'd,
" By multitudes ador'd,
" Deſerted dies, biting the clayey ſward.

" The peerleſs She, whoſe form was dreſs'd
" In all the brilliance of the Eaſt,
" Whoſe ſole diſdain'd the ground to tread,
" Roams wild thro' waſtes, wiſhing a
ſqualid ſhedd.

" See where GERMANIA, with exceſs of grief
" Diſtracted, mourns her deſart lands:
" Diſrob'd and mute, deſpairing of relief,
" A weeping ſtatue like, ſhe ſtands!

" Her pride of Art, her Nature's ſtore,
" Her food and raiment are no more!
" Her foreſts fall; her plains are ſpread,
" Lo, here with camps! lo, there with dead!"

Thus mourn'd the *Muſe*.—Alarm'd, BRITANNIA roſe;
Aided GERMANIA, and repreſs'd her foes.
Whereat the *Muſe* return'd her grateful lays,
Enraptur'd, to BRITANNIA's praiſe.

" Glory to great BRITANNIA, who beſtows
" On friends protection, clemency on foes!
" Bounteous and merciful, like Heaven!
" *Aſk and receive! Repent and be forgiven!*

" Glorious ſhe roſe, in pow'r ſupreme,
" Fair Paragon of royal ſtate:
" Meek but awful ſhone the beam
" Of her bright eyes, whoſe look is fate.

" Go

" *Go forth, my free-born Sons!*—ſhe ſaid—
" *Invincible in arms!*
" Forthwith her enſigns broad diſplay'd:
" Day was aſtoniſh'd at the ſhade!
" Her gallant warriors ruſh'd amain:
" Dreadfully quak'd the ſounding plain!
" Air was confounded with alarms!

" Her mighty Navies wing'd the deep,
" And pour'd their thunders as they flew.
" Falſe GALLIA ſoon was forc'd to weep,
" Her ſons no more, her iſlands few.
" Both *Indies* heard, and trembling ſaw
" The terrors of BRITANNIA's wrath.
" Barbarians bow'd, and own'd her law
" Moſt juſt, tho' terrible as Death.

" Iſlands and Provinces ſubdu'd
" She conquer'd only for their good!

" This truth their chearful mien reveals:
" BRITANNIA's gentle ſway they bleſs;
" And curſe falſe GALLIA, while ſhe feels
" What ſhe devis'd for them, Diſtreſs.

" Here, curſt Ambition, view thy fate!
" O'erthrown, unhelp'd unpity'd lie!
" Nor Man, nor God regrets thy ſtate:
" Ev'n Mercy ſmiles to ſee thee die."

But

But whilſt the *Muſe* thus pour'd along
The tranſports of triumphant ſong;
Down from a ſable cloud, that ſhed
Some chilly drops, a Form did glide,
Pallid and ſad; it rueful cry'd,
BRITANNIA! GEORGE *is dead!*

Heart-ſtruck and dumb, the pierc'd *Muſe* ſtood,
'Till from her eyes outſtream'd a guſhing flood,
Which eas'd her panging pain.
Soon as the pow'r of voice ſhe found,
She ſhriek'd: the Hills affrighted round
Shrunk and ſhriek'd again.

Soon as regain'd the uſe of tongue,
She thus in mournful accents ſung—

" Immortal be thy glorious fame,
" O GEORGE! as now immenſe!—Thy name
" Remoteſt Nations heard with awe,
" Submiſſive to BRITANNIA's law:
" Thy Name let Times remoteſt hear
" With wonder; and with praiſe revere!

" Story, with thee adorn'd, muſt ſhine:
" Inſpired Bards with emulous deſign
" Shall paint thy character, great Sire,
" In living colors of ideal fire!

" Each

" Each *Muſe*, for love of human race, will ſhew
" What virtues grac'd thy royal brow;
" How mad Ambition did thy juſtice prove,
" The Poor thy providence, the Good thy love,
" And All thy mercy.—BRITAIN, *This* proclaim!
" *This*, all ye *Continents*, who fear'd his Name!
" *This* all ye *Iſles*, imboſom'd in the deep,
" Who ſhar'd his ſtrong protection! Praiſe and
" weep!
" 'Tis *yours* to weep! Attune your harps to flow
" Sad ſongs; and load each ſounding note with woe!

" Whoſe Word, fate-bearing, like the Voice of
" God,
" Shall now ſend *War* invincible abroad,
" To ſtem th' embattled Vallies, ſhake the ſavage
" Hills,
" And thunder Tyrants from their bloody wheels?
" GEORGE is no more!
" BRITANNIA weeps upon her naked ſhore!

" Ye noble *Council*, *Heroes* brave,
" How will ye mourn around the royal Grave!
" Ye *Fair*, erewhile like bliſsful ſkies
" Diffuſing joy, what aking ſighs
" Shall heave your tender boſoms! O what
" gloom
" Of tearful ſorrow darken Beauty's bloom!

Anxious

" Anxious *Commerce* ſhall the Change forego;
" Penurious *Trade* ſhall mix the general woe:
" As in black ſtate the ſolemn hearſe appears,
" *Toil* ſhall ſtand ſtill to ſhed ſome filial tears.

" Lament your great Protector dead, ye *Swains!*
" Whoſe lot was plenty on the peaceful plains,
" While long, beneath his ſhadowing arm ſecure,
" Ye ſung to Freedom in the feſtive bow'r.

" Ye lucid Streams, that murmuring glide along,
" Ye Rocks, reſponſive to the Shepherd's ſong,
" Reſound our woe!—Thou hoary Ocean, mourn
" Thy Monarch dead!—Ye gazing Stars, that
" burn
" High-thron'd in ether, now, in ſign of woe,
" With paler light and penſive influence glow!"

In ſobbing verſe the *Muſe* cou'd grieve no more;
But long, in ſilence, long did ſhe deplore!
'Till, with a ſudden recollection caught,
She thus advanc'd her ſorrow-healing thought.

" 'Tis well! 'tis well!—I feel freſh comfort
" ſpring!
" Lo, riſing fair, I ſee the *youthful* KING.
" He comes in pow'r and ſplendor, like the Sun,
" Prepar'd his glorious vernal courſe to run.

" On

" On him BRITANNIA bends her flowing eyes;
" As ſome good Matron, when the Father dies,
" Beholds with fondneſs her ſurviving Boy,
" The Father's image, and conceives new joy.
" His chearing aſpect gives my breaſt relief;
" And joy, new joy, has baniſh'd all my grief!"

While charming admiration ſiez'd
The *Muſe*, and danc'd her boſom pleas'd,
The Yatcht flew o'er to fetch the Bride,
To grace the youthful *Monarch*'s ſide.
Soon as this Theme of joy appear'd,
The *Muſe* exulting thus was heard.——

" Britiſh *Muſes!* riſe prepare
" Lofty ſtrain and dulcet air!
" Our youthful *Monarch*'s deſtin'd Bride,
" Led by Love, aſſays the tide;
" Haſte to hail the *Royal Fair!*

" Haſte, and bring your noble ſongs,
" Fit to honor Britiſh tongues!
" Sacred ſongs of bold deſign;
" Songs, that utter flame divine;
" Generous, and becoming Thee,
" *Genius* born of *Liberty.*

Muſic,

" *Muſic*, all thy pow'rs employ,
" Breathing pipe and warbling lyre,
" Tun'd to accents, that inſpire
" Genial love and feſtive joy.

" *Britons*, of your loyal choice,
" On the patriot-ſcene attend!
" Delighted Angels liſt'ning bend,
" And aid the chorus with their voice.

" Hark! how ſwell the rapturous lays!
" Lofty ſenſe and melting ſound!
" Lo, the charmed dolphin plays;
" Tam'd ſea-monſters gambol round.

" *Ocean* owns his ſovereign Bride;
" Still'd is ev'ry boiſterous roar:
" Gently heaves the rolling tide,
" And calmly murmurs on the ſhore.

" *Heav'n*, well-pleas'd to ſee Her come,
" Serenely ſheds a brightening ſmile;
" And bids the ſofteſt-winged gales
" Gently ſpread the boſom of the ſails
" To ſpeed dear CHARLOTTE home,
" A grace peculiar to this favor'd *Iſle*.

" Nuptial

" Nuptial *Guardians*, bind their loves
" Fond and firm as Turtle-doves:
" In your wreath all bleſſings twine,
" Virtuous pleaſures, joys divine.
" *Friendſhip*, *Friendſhip* ſtill be there,
" Zeſt of pleaſure, balm of care.

" O bleſt *Friendſhip*, eldeſt-born
" Thou of *Virtue*, Fair divine!
" The blown moſs-roſe and bloſſom'd thorn
" Breathe no ſweetneſs, match'd with thine!

" When wintry ſorrows nip our mortal bloom,
" She melts them as the ſun; or gilds their gloom,
" As the moon's orb, with ſilver beauty bright,
" Sheds chearfulneſs thro' the cold vault of night.

" GEORGE and CHARLOTTE on the throne
" May *Glory* radiate the crown;
" The heav'n-born ſiſters *Peace* and *Love*
" Deſcend triumphant from above;
" Meek-ey'd *Virtue* rear her brow,
" Scoffing *Vice* be humbled low,
" While *Equity* with ſteady hand
" Lifts her balance o'er the land.

" Join, *Muſes!* let your voices fill
" The Court, the City and the Vill!

Let

" Let humble Cot and ſtately Dome
" Welcome royal CHARLOTTE home!

" Let joy alone be heard and ſeen,
" While you exalt the raptur'd ſtrain.
" Huzza! Long live the KING and QUEEN!
" Long and happy! Long and happy!
" Long live and happy reign!"

BRITANNIA lovely ſmil'd, and glow'd
In extaſy of pleaſure:
Honors and *Victories* thronging bow'd;
And pour'd into her lap their treaſure.

Meanwhile HISPANIA's ſullen pride
BRITANNIA's glory can't abide.
In murmurs firſt She did revile:
" *I ſcorn*, She cry'd, *that ſaucy Iſle!*"
At length, out-flew her ſhining ſword;
A lightening glance it ſent.
HISPANIA, rue that ſcornful word!
That action raſh repent!

BRITANNIA, cool and undiſmay'd,
Collected, the mad act ſurvey'd.
To arms, ſhe cries, *my free born ſons!*
To arms they fly.—Her dying Dons
HISPANIA ſoon complains;

Her

Her lov'd HAVANNAH is no more!
Her warriors gaſp along the ſhore,
Or drag inglorious chains.

Her ſilver-freighted *Galeots* yield
Their cargos on the wat'ry field
T' enrich the Britiſh *Tars*,
Whoſe hearts rejoice to meet the foe,
Whoſe hands ſtrike home the conquering blow,
And make a ſport of wars.

Humbled in heart, BRITANNIA's foes
Conciliating terms propoſe.
Then *She*, dread Empreſs of the main,
With *Victory* combin'd,
Bound on the jaws of *War* a chain,
Still pleas'd to ſpare mankind.

Peace, fled to Heav'n, ſhe did recal,
To heal the groaning Lands.
No longer War ſhall vex the Ball!
BRITANNIA ſo commands.

Lo, poiz'd on light embroider'd wings,
Peace hovers, ready to deſcend;
Her Cornucopy flowing brings,
A grateful preſent to her friend.

BRITANNIA

BRITANNIA, pleas'd, the boon admires;
And to her wife and generous breaſt,
Which *Virtue*'s ardent flame inſpires,
Embraces glad the heavenly Gueſt.

What joy ſoft-hearted Virgins prove,
Inſpir'd with *Muſic* and with *Love*;
Or Babes in the indulgent ſmile
Of Her, who rears them with a tender toil;
Such feels Britannia in fair *Peace*'s arms,
Returning after *War's* alarms.

As genial dews the air diſtils,
So *Peace* with glad'ning vigor fills.
Peace, ſweet as groves when bloſſoms riſe,
Calm as a fountain, mild as ſummer ſkies,
Her bleſſings round as dews diſtils,
And ALL with glad'ning vigor fills!
So vernal ſuns the winter's clouds remove;
And all is light fecundity and love.

The feſtive board was richly crown'd;
Huzzas and bumpers circled round.
To *Liberty* was crown'd the Oak:
The Cannons roar'd—The *Muſe* awoke.

DAVID'S

DAVID's LAMENTATION for SAUL and JONATHAN.

THY Glory, *Iſrael*, is ſlain!
How are the Mighty fallen! dead on thy rocky plain!
O tell it not in *Gath*! nor known
Let it be made in *Aſkelon*!
Virgin Philiſtines will joy!
Virgin Heathens triumph high!

Mountains of Gilboa! no dew,
Diſtilling mild, deſcend on You!
Nor ſhow'r nor offering bleſs your ſoil!
There, *there*, our great diſhonor lay!
The ſhield was vilely caſt away!
There fell the armor of the brave!
The ſhield of *Saul*, as of a ſlave,
Anointed He with holy Oil!

From the mighty Chiefs, that bled,
From the blood of numbers ſlain,
The bow of *Jonathan* ne'er fled;
Nor turn'd the ſword of *Saul* invain.

The royal Sire, the royal Son,
In life were *Iſrael*'s joy and pride;
(As Eagles ſwift, as Lions ſtrong)
And in their death did not divide.

Weep,

Weep, gentle hebrew Virgins, weep!
Your Monarch lies in everlaſting ſleep!
He deck'd your beauteous forms in gold;
And made you lovely to behold.

How are the Mighty fallen amid the war!
Thou, Prince, upon thy lofty rocks waſt ſlain!
To me, my brother, waſt thou very dear!
For thee, my brother, ſwells my heart with pain!
Thy love to me was vaſt! above
The fondeſt tender Virgin's love.

How are the Mighty fallen! how ſet our Glory's ſtar!
O how have periſh'd all the weapons of the war!

ODE 15. Of Book II. of HORACE, 1751.

GRAND Fabrics riſe ſo thick upon the plain,
Few fields for tillage interſpers'd remain.
Immenſe Canals, extending on each ſide,
Draw curious ſtrangers to admire our pride.
Unmarry'd planes their ſhady boughs entwine,
Where elms before ſuſtain'd the loaden vine.
Violets and myrtles, and a world of thoſe,
Which only gratify a dainty Noſe,

A barren odor to the breeze afford,
Where teeming olives paid the former Lord.
Umbrageous laurels in long ranges run,
To ſcreen the drunkard from the mid-day ſun.
All theſe our Fathers neither ſaw nor heard:
Not rigid *Cato*, with his ell-long beard;
Nor mighty *Romulus*.—The private ſtate
Of each was ſmall, and the republic great.
No private Portico was ſeen to rear
A front ſuperb againſt the polar Star.
The laws let none an humble cot deſpiſe;
But bade munitions, ſtrong and coſtly, riſe;
And ſtately Temples, poliſhed and hewn
By ableſt artiſts, out of fineſt ſtone.

ODE I. Of PINDAR's OLYMPICS.

WATER is the firſt of Things:
Gold, with rich reſplendence bright,
Shines in wealth, as fire that flings
Radiance thro' the vault of night.
High atchievements would'ſt thou praiſe,
My genial Spirit!—haſt thou ſpy'd
A ſtar out-ſhine the ſolar blaze,
Gilding the etherial void?
Nothing can we ſound to Fame,
Nobler than Olympic Game.

Thence

Thence to lofty lyric ſong
Attunes each learned Bard melodiouſly his tongue:
To mighty Jove each lyre is ſtrung,
When grand proceſſions bend their feet
To *Hiero*'s rich and happy Seat.

Hiero, holding glorious reign,
Sicilia, o'er thy fleecy plain,
Every ſweet of Virtue ſips,
And Muſic's flow'ry beauty taſtes,
As we enjoy with curious lips
Exhilerating feaſts.

Take and ſtring the Dorian lyre,
If *Piſa*'s, *Pherenicus*' Glory
Lofty pleaſing airs inſpire,
Since by *Alpheus*, fam'd in ſtory,
The fiery ſteed
His Lord, the Syracuſan King,
A Lover of the Racer's ring,
To Victory thunder'd with prodigious ſpeed.

His Glory ſhines
Upon the peopled ſhore
Of *Pelops*, whom the mighty pow'r,
Neptune, who the lands confines,
Dearly lov'd, when *Clotho* drew
His vital Thread, reſtor'd anew:

His

His ivory-ſhoulder'd arm,
Graceful, caſt a matchleſs charm.

Many are thoſe marvellous tales,
To ſuperſtitious audience ſweet:
Fable more than Truth prevails,
So charming is the painted Cheat.

Fancy, drawing heav'nly forms,
Alluring, flattering unto view,
Magic wonders oft performs,
Diſſembling very Falſhood true:
But future ages are the teſt:
Mature Experience teaches beſt.

Of ruling Gods let mortal tongue
Speak decently ſublime;
Are then our dark Ideas wrong,
More venial is the Crime.

Son of *Tantalus!* my lays
Shall thee beyond thy Fathers praiſe.

Immortal Gods, invited, come
To feaſt at ſplendid *Sypulum*,
When there thy Father once repaid
The Banquet, they before for him had made.

The God, who bears the forked mace,
Prudence yielding to desire,
Snatch'd thee in his golden chaise
High to the dome of Heav'n's all-ruling Sire.—

Such fate did *Ganymedes* prove,
In after-times, belov'd of *Jove*.—

When thou no more wast found,
Nor to thy sorrowing Mother brought
By those, who long had vainly sought;
Slander's assassin tongue, that kills with secret wound,
Pronounc'd thee boil'd, dissected, eat,
And mangled in a strange inhuman treat.

I blush that Folly should conceive
So grosly of the sky,
Gluttons the Gods!--could Ignorance believe?
Loss is the wages of a lye.

True, if the Gods did ever condescend
To be a mortal's Guest and Friend,
Tantulus was He:
But long he could not bear
His over disproportion'd share
Of too refin'd felicity.

Pain

Pain on ſatiety attends.
Above his aking head
Jove a ponderous ſtone ſuſpends,
His conſtant toil and endleſs dread.
In wretched indigence he breathes,
Conſum'd with fruitleſs toils;
Becauſe he robb'd the hallow'd Cups
Of immortality, where ſups
The holy Synod, crown'd with gorgeous wreaths;
And alſo made his Gueſts profane the ſacred
ſpoils.

Whoever thinks his morals hid
From ſight Divine, miſtakes indeed!
Hereon the Gods, in ample grace,
His Son reſtored to the mortal race.

He, in vivid bloom of life,
His chin with early velvet dreſt,
Amorous fancies in his breaſt,
Fair *Hippodamia* ſought to wife.

Lone-wandering by the foamy flood,
In gloomy night, the Lover cry'd,
"O *Neptune!* Monarch of the tide!"
Forthwith the God preſenting ſtood.
To whom the Youth—"O God of Seas!
"If ought the joys of *Venus* pleaſe,

"Defraud

" Defraud *Oenomaus*'s ſpear!
" Make me the happy Charioteer!
" Grant me Victory! For know,
" After thirteeen Lovers ſlain,
" Bright *Hippodamia*, goddeſs of their vow,
" A Virgin, Virgin, does remain.
" True, arduous trials ſuit not feeble man;
" But ſince we all muſt die,
" Why wiſh to lengthen out my ſpan
" With indigence and infamy?
" Be mine the grand exploit!—O bleſs
" My gallant eſſay with ſucceſs!"

He ſpoke; nor dy'd his words in air;
The God, propitious to his pray'r,
Preſents a golden chariot, join'd
To ſteeds impetuous as the wind.

Oenomaus, thence overthrown,
His honor and his Virgin loſt.
She bore ſix Champions, Heroes of renown,
Valor evermore their boaſt.

Now *Pelops* numbers with the mighty Dead;
His tomb, *Alpheus*, on thy margin ſtands;
Cloſe by that Altar his Remains are laid,
Revered moſt of foreign lands.

Olympic

Olympic ſports their fame around
In that of *Pelops* wide diſplay,
Where matchleſs ſpeed and ſtrength are crown'd
With glory ſacred from decay:
The Victor ſpends his future days
In honor, calm content and eaſe;
With ſtill this bleſſing to befal,
The final moment, which arrives to all.

To me, by rule of Chivalry, belongs
To crown the Victor with Eolic ſongs:
For who, among the modern race,
Tho' Wit and Grandeur both combine,
Shall, with inimitable grace,
The lyric Garland twine?

Heav'n proſper my deſigns!—O King!
If Heav'n prolong Thee aid,
To thy ſwift wheels my Muſe ſhall ſing
Far ſweeter ſtrain
Upon the ſunny Cronian plain,
Where grows no ſylvan ſhade.

For *this* the Muſe for me, with care,
Does ev'ry choiceſt ſhaft prepare.

Let others ſhine in other things:
Supremacy belongs to Kings.

Indulge

Indulge no more Ambition's eye;
Be it thine
Upon a royal Throne to ſhine:
Be it mine
Thy royal preſence to enjoy;
And be thro' native Greece renown'd,
As with the palm of wiſdom crown'd.

ODE II.

Of PINDAR's Olympics.

YE harp inſpiring Hymns! what God or King,
What Hero ſhall I chooſe to ſing?
Piſa ſprung from awful *Jove*,
Emperor o'er the Thrones above.
Hercules condignly claims
The inſtitution of Olympic games,
Oblations of his martial ſpoils
After long victorious toils.

But tune my lyre to *Theron* glorious,
In the Chariot-race victorious;
Kindly, hoſpitably great!
Pillar of the *Agrigentine* ſtate!
His Country's tutelary Pow'r,
Of noble Anceſtry the flow'r,

Who,

Who, long with laboring counſels fill'd
To make their Country ſafe and free,
The ſacred ſeat of Rivers held,
And were the eye of *Sicily*.
Thence days of liberty and pleaſure,
Crown'd with honor, deck'd with treaſure,
Days, which wealth and glory gave,
Rewarding Virtue in the Brave.

O ſon of *Rhea!* Thou ſupreme
O'er high *Olympus*, o'er the Game!
Song-admirer! I implore
Thy bounty to their native ſhore,
And progeny forevermore.

Not Time, the hoary ſire of all
Emerging iſſues, can recal
What once is paſt, or right or wrong:
Oblivion with ſucceſs may riſe;
For Miſery dies,
Subdu'd among
A proſperous hoſt of Joys,
When God commiſſions from above
Sublime Auxiliars, wing'd with love.

Inſtance, now in bleſt abode,
The Maids of *Cadmus*, long oppreſs'd:
For gloomy Evil quits each breaſt,
Overcome of ſtronger Good.

See

See *Semele*, who panting fell
With treſſes flowing, at the wound,
Infix'd in flaming thunder's ſound—
See *Semele* in glory dwell,
Rejoicing in the joyful love
Of mighty *Pallas*, *Bacchus*, *Jove*.
Ino too, where *Nereus* reigns,
As Rumor tells the tale, obtains
Among the daughters of the ſea
A bleſſed immortality.

The date of life is not decreed;
Nor do we know when tranquil Day,
The ſon of Morn, will grant us way
From earth; and laſting joys ſucceed.

Pains and pleaſures, rolling tide,
Aſſail mankind on ev'ry ſide.

Fortune, ruling o'er the birth
Of Joys, from Deity that flow,
Brings too Calamities on earth,
Perverſely blending both below.

Hence *Oedipus* his Father ſlew;
And prov'd the oracle too true.

Erynnis

Erynnis ſaw the guilty deed:
And, vengeful, ſlew his martial ſeed.

The hapleſs *Polynices* ſlain,
Therſander only did remain,
Who, great in ſports and the embattled plain,
With firm alliance aided thoſe
Noble ſires, whence *Theron*'s life-blood flows.

Æniſidemus' Son! to Thee belong
Heroic verſe and lyric ſong!
Him olympic glory crown'd:
His Brother's name
Pytho reſounded, the *Iſthmus* did reſound,
Who, emulous of hallow'd fame,
Twelve-times in race the flowery crown,
Bore away with high renown.

Whoe'er the flowery crown ſhall bear,
Thenceforth is free from anxious care.

When with Virtue Riches join,
Both improv'd in luſtre ſhine,
Both, lending mutual aid,
Support and guide the toils of Care,
Our pilot, our effulgent ſtar,
Conducting man thro' Nature's ſhade.

The

The Virtuous know a future ſtate;
What miſeries behind
Purſue the guilty mind,
What woes on dying ſinners wait.

Whatever crimes are done
In *Jove's* wide Empire underneath the ſun
Are puniſh'd with ſevere decree,
The ſentence of Neceſſity.

Sereneſt nights, ſereneſt days
The righteous evermore enjoy;
No fearful danger e'er diſmays,
No grievous taſks annoy:
They neither plow, they neither ſail,
Nor dread to ſee their plenty fail.
With endleſs bliſs among the Gods
In glory are the juſt enrol'd;
While ſinners groan in dire abodes,
Tremendous to behold!
Whoe'er with vigilance control
The devious motions of the ſoul,
To *Saturn's* happy ſeat remove,
Along the ſtarry path of *Jove*.
There ever blows the freſheſt breeze
Upon that bleſſed Iſle,
Where pleaſant odors golden flowers exhale,
Springing in that purer ſoil,

Or waving on the ſhady trees,
Or in the ſilver ſtreams, that glide along the vale.
Rings and Coronets denote their ſtate,
Enſigns righteouſly beſtow'd
By *Rhadamanthus*, great Judge-advocate
Of Father *Saturn*, *Rhea*'s Lord,
Throughout the univerſe ador'd,
Awful ſovereign GOD.

In that nobility divine
Cadmus and *Peleus* right honorable ſhine:
And *Jove*, ſubdu'd by *Thetis*' pray'r,
Achilles too tranſlated there,
By whom great *Hector*, *Troy*'s firm Tower,
Troy's armed Rampire, overthrown,
In duſt inglorious lay;
Cycnus bow'd down to Death's dread pow'r;
And *Æthiops*, offspring of the *Dawn*,
Forgot his parent's genial ray.

My Quiver yet has darts in ſtore,
A volley wing'd to ſound in Wiſdom's ear;
But Folly underſtands no more
Without a dull Interpreter.

Thoſe alone I call the Wiſe,
Who, born on wings of native Genius, riſe.

Learned

Learned Plodders, far below,
At Genius, high above,
Clamor inceſſant, like an envious Crow
Againſt the ſoaring bird of *Jove*.

Bend the bow, and point the dart!
My Soul! where muſt the arrow fly,
Tip'd with benevolence of heart,
And wing'd with glory ne'er to die?
To *Agrigentum*! go!
Ye gods atteſt, for gods ye know,
No City thro' the Grecian land
Theſe hundred years ſhall find
A hand more firm, a heart more kind,
Than *Theron*'s heart and hand.

But Envy longs to ſcale his fame;
Injurious with her noiſy throng,
Beſieging cloſe with hand and tongue,
Would ſtrike the glorious ſtandard of his name.

Go count the ſand upon the ſhore,
Yet thy Arithmetic will fail
Theron's noble deeds to tell:
His large benevolence is more
Than countleſs ſand upon the ſhore.

ODE

ODE III.

Of PINDAR's OLYMPICS.

INDULGENT Pow'rs! attention deign!
Tyndaridæ and *Helen* fair,
Lady of the beauteous hair!
Renowned *Agragas* ſhall boaſt my ſtrain,
A flow'r of elegance and ſkill
For *Theron*'s ſteeds invincible.

The Muſe attends, while I compoſe
New lays of *Dorian* epic ſound:
With majeſty the muſic flows;
Admiring Silence liſtens round.
The Garlands in their manes entwin'd,
Of me this arduous boon require;
The mellow pipe and ſong combin'd,
The ſweetly-warbling lyre,
Joining concert with my lays
To noble *Theron*'s noble praiſe:

Piſa requires, to whom belongs
Prerogative to claim;
Whoſe Chiefs divinely utter'd ſongs
Immortalize in glorious fame:

Ev'n

Ev'n thoſe, to whom, as *Hercules* bequeath'd,
The lawful Arbiter allows,
On their diſtinguiſh'd foreheads wreath'd,
The glory of the Victor's brows,
Green Olive—

Which He victorious brought
From *Iſter*'s ſhady ſpring;
The *Hyperboreans* firſt beſought,
Adorers of the ſolar King.

Revolving glory in his mind,
Jove's royal foreſt ſearching round,
At length the ſpreading plant he found,
A common bleſſing to mankind,
Beſt becoming Virtue crown'd.

Then Altars to his Father roſe,
When did the Moon her globe unfold
Full on the dappled evening's cloſe,
Pompous in her chair of gold.

Then He olympic ſports conceiv'd,
Whence Olympian Æra came,
Upon the rocky banks atchiev'd
Of much renown'd *Alphean* ſtream.

But

But in the parched *Cronian* vales
No foreſt ſpread
The green, the cool, the pleaſant ſhade;
'Twas deſart, blown with ſultry gales,
Open to the glowing blaze
Of all the Sun's inclement rays.

Then thought he to remove to where,
Returning from *Arcadia*'s mountains,
Diana's hoſpitable care
Reliev'd him at her ſilver fountains,
A pleaſant land, which *Iſter* laves,
Of winding vales and hollow caves.

Neceſſity, ſeverely kind,
Had then his toils adorn'd,
When *Euryſtheus* had enjoin'd
To fetch the celebrated Hind,
Golden-horn'd—
Which He, devoting to the ſhrine
Of chaſte *Diana*, made divine—

Diana, ſhewing him this land, where cold
Congealing Boreas never blows:
There ſtood he wondering to behold
The ſtately arbors; there he choſe,
Smit with the pleaſures of the ſcene,
To mark the future courſe,

Winding

Winding twelve-times the hills between,
For nimble charioteer and flying horſe.

His preſence dignifies the feaſt,
With *Læda's* ſons divine,
Umpires, when he explores *Olympus'* hill,
Who mark the combatants, that ſhine
In vigorous feats, or ſtudy beſt
To guide the flying wheel.

Hence, O my ſoul! the prize of fame
Unto the *Emminidæ* came!
To *Theron* hence did glory flow,
Which the *Tyndaridæ* beſtow;
'Cauſe they devoutly 'mong the reſt
Do ſolemnize the ſacred feaſt.

Is water the firſt element—or gold
The brighteſt gem in riches ſeems?
Then *Theron*'s virtues are extol'd
To *Hercules'* pillars, glory's wide extremes.

Beyond whatever lies,
Whatever's hid in ſtore,
Impervious is to fool and wiſe;
Nor ſhall my folly graſp at more.

ODE

ODE IV.

Of PINDAR's OLYMPICS.

GLorious God of rolling Thunder!
Awful *Jove!*
Ruling *Ætna*, *Typhon* under,
Hundred-headed Giant ſtrong,
Groaning loudly, groaning long,
Loads of flaming rocks above!
Me thy circling hours ſent forth
With various mellow lyre,
To celebrate ſuperior worth
In all, who gallantly aſpire.

Succeed our friends in noble views,
How ſweetly cordial are the news!

Son of *Saturn!* kindly deign
Acceptance of my choral ſtrain;
Of virtue bright
The faireſt moſt enduring light.

See *Pſaumis* come!
Piſæan olive round his hair.
See him haſten joyful home,
To reap a crop of glory there!

His riſing wiſhes Heav'n fulfil!
For I his future worth foretel;
His generous care of gallant ſteeds;
His chief delight in liberal deeds;

His ardent love of human kind:
Rich harveſt of a noble mind!

O let not fiction ſtain my mouth!
Fact is the honeſt teſt of truth.

Thence, *Clymenus*, thy ſon aſhames
The perfidy of Lemnian dames:

When, clad in brazen mail, he won,
Advancing to *Hypſipyle*,
Briſkly he ſeiz'd the victor's crown,
Exclaiming—"*I am He!*"

Ready both in heart and hand!
Fit for action and command!

Thus oft with glad ſurpriſe we find
The hoary head in youth appears;
A prudent and capacious mind,
Beyond the promiſing of years.

On PESTILENCE *among the* TURKS, *and* WAR *between them and the* RUSSIANS, 1771.

"UNPRISON *Peſtilence* and *War*!"
The Voice almighty wrathful ſaid:
Forthwith the dark Abyſs expanded wide its jaws;
Abhorred

Abhorred *Peſtilence* aroſe:
Her foggy wings infect the air;
Her baleful eyes ſhoot keen deſpair;
And ſcorpions iſſue from her hideous head.

Where'er ſhe bends her noiſom flight,
Loud *Lamentation* howls behind;
Dolorous *Care* conſumes the night;
Each day preſents ſo dire a ſight,
Beholders wiſh extinct the light,
Or that their viſual orbs were blind.

War, cas'd in mail of ſolid fire,
Seem'd ſome portentous Comet's blaze:
" Yoke to my brazen car, he cries,
" The Hyperborean Eagle black.
'Tis done:—Swift as the wind he flies:
His courſe the ſons of Earth and Heav'n admire:
On *Guilt* his vengeful thunders graze;
Deluſion ſhrieketh at the crack.

Where *Tyranny* and *Luſt* of late,
Impiouſly conſecrated, reign'd;
And, rudely arrogant in mighty ſtate,
Oppreſs'd mankind, and God profan'd;
There, in their gorgeous domes, *Diſmay*
Blaſts all their pride, ſpoils all their play:

Tyranny

Tyranny raves with rage and fear;
While pallid *Luſt* lies ſwooning near.

" Shall *Servitude* her goading Irons knap?
" Shall *Innocence* go free?
" Shall *Chaſtity* her virgin lap
" Pure preſerve, O *Luſt*! from Thee?

" Poignant curſes!"—mad *Deluſion* cry'd,
And flung her ſpangled turbant on the ground:
Her ſabre fell, and naked left her ſide:
Her creſcent turn'd to blood:
Appal'd the *Pow'rs of Darkneſs* ſtood;
And *Hell*, more gloomy, groan'd all round!

Occaſion'd by reading Miſs CARTER'S POEMS, 1765.

FAIR celeſtial, found below!
Willing I this tribute give:
What Devotion doth beſtow
Goodneſs kindly will receive.

Tuneful birds, in vernal eves,
Sweetly heavy moiſt and mild,
'Mong the foreſt's velvet leaves,
Mellow ſing their love-notes wild.

O'er

O'er great Nature's feaſt of joy,
Odors breathing from each tree,
They delightful notes employ,
Yet they fail to charm like Thee.

Sappho ev'ry fading flow'r
Rifled in the Cyprian groves,
Venus her adored Pow'r,
Drawn in am'rous pomp with Doves:

O unlike her Hymns and thine!
O unequal in their force!
Thine to make the ſoul divine
Strong as hers to make it worſe!

Numbers gay *Anacreon* ſtole
From the beam-encircled Pow'r,
Soft and eaſy as his Soul;
Thine *Eliza!* pleaſe me more.

Young may nurſe in nightly cells
Holy rage; or *Gay* impart,
Mildly in his ſimple tales,
Morals worthy of his heart:

Thompſon his deſcription join;
Or in airy Viſions riſe
Collins, fancifully fine:
Carter ſhall not want a prize.

Noble

Noble *Shakeſpear*, ſacred Name!
Britons ever ſhall adore;
Firſt in Merit as in Fame;
Equal to behold no more:

Pindar, fierce, in light'ning dreſt,
Grand Enthuſiaſt! raves with ſkill;
Glowing like his Heroe's breaſt,
Rapid as his flying wheel:

Homer, bold in epic Song,
Virgil, cool and curious, ſings;
Milton, with angelic tongue,
Perſonates the KING of Kings:

Dryden's fire my ſoul does touch;
Pope's fine art, politely free——
Glorious Poets!—O but ſuch
Soft enchantment dwells with Thee!

Pious *Carter!* happy merit!
Fam'd *Anacreon*'s ſweetneſs flows
Thro' thy numbers, while thy ſpirit
Ardently ſeraphic glows.

Angels, glory-crown'd above,
Charming Songſter! heav'nly Fair!
Wife! divinely wiſe! will love
Thee, ſweet Partner in their care:

Thee

Thee on bleſt triumphant wings
Bear, who'ſt early underſtood
Well to praiſe the KING of Kings;
Endleſs office of the Good!

To the Reverend Mr. ATKINSON, *with* ALLAN RAMSAY'S POEMS (*which he had lent the Author*) *returned*, 1772.

DEAR *Atkinſon!* the Sangs of *Allan*
Prove him a ſnell and canty Callan.
He ſtow'd of wit, at leaſt a gallon
In his brain-pan;
And eke of vanity, to pal ane,
A ſcottiſh Can.

His verſes ſcurl wi' mickle eaſe,
Saft and ſonorous, ſlee to pleaſe:
A ſweeter Chiel ane ſeldom ſees
'mang Poets rareſt,
Does he the Braveſt tent to bleeze,
or eke the Faireſt.

Aften he hits (not ay, 'tis true)
The laſt-won charm, the rythmus due.
Wow, Man! but then his pickland whieu
Is ſaul-inchanting;
A wee mair Thought to mind his Cue
Is a' that's wanting.

Majſtly

Maiſtly he tals the wale of ſenſe,
With graceſu' native negligence:
He only borders on offence
Thro' vain neglect:
Some lines rin law and feebler hence,
They're incorrect.

But in a Paradiſe, where ſhine
Beauties luxuriantly divine,
On whate'er ſide you caſt your eyn,
It were no weel,
As if thro' envy to repine,
Like the auld Deel.

Thank thee, kind *Atkinſon!* but mair,
Thank gentle *Ramſay* for my ſkair
Of ſic refin'd ambroſian fare,
And ſic nice glee:
The like, I trow, is unco' rare,
Ee'n God be wi' y'.

An

Scotch Words explained.] *Sangs*, ſongs. *Snell*, firm and acute. *Canty*, jovial. *Callan*, a boy, a wag. *Pal*, Pall. *ane*, one. *Scurl*, ſlide. *wi'*, with. *mickle*, much. *Saft*, Soft. *Slee*, ſly, artful. *Chiel*, a free expreſſion for *Perſon*. *Saldom*, ſeldom. *'Mang*, among. *Tent*, mind, attempt. *bleeze*, praiſe. *aften*, often. *Wow*, an interjection of Joy. *Whieu*, whiſtle. *Saul*, Soul. *Wee*, little. *Mair*, more. *a'*, all. *maiſtly*, moſtly. *tals*, tells. *Wale*, choice, beſt. *graceſu'*, graceful. *rin*, run. *law*, low. *Eyn*, Eyes. *no*, not. *weel*, well. *auld*, old. *Deel*, Devil. *ſkair*, ſhare. *ſic*, ſuch. *unco'*, ſtrangely. *wi' y'*, is *with ye*, pronounced as one long ſyllable—*Wee*.

An ODE.

BEFORE the Sleepers in the brake,
Before the morning eye-lids wake,
In rapture wake my grateful lays!
To *Him*, for whom my Lyre is ſtrung.
Each glowing boſom, tuneful tongue
In concert join with holy praiſe!

To *Him* ſupreme, who reigns alone,
Almighty King, eternal Throne!
Ten million Worlds, ten million Suns,
Beneath his footſtool rolling ſhine,
Directed by his eye divine:
Where he commands the Comet runs.

Archangels, rob'd in plumy gold,
Whom wings of living flame infold,
Who guide the globes and poize the ſpheres,
Adoring to his footſtool bend,
And, light'ning, haſten, if he ſend
His greeting to this vale of tears.

He bids them guard a good Man's way;
His bidding the bleſt Hosts obey:

All

All nature ſpeeding at his call,
Ev'n Fires grow mild and Tempeſts ceaſe;
The Saint finds ſafety, health and peace,
Where battles rage and thouſands fall.

If wicked Fiends, perverſe as free,
If Men, who mock his dread decree,
Deviſe our bane by force or guile;
He frowns the guilty Vile away,
Sore agonizing with diſmay;
The Juſt reviving at his ſmile.

O Ruler of eternal Skies!
O Ruler holy, good and wiſe!
Indulgent Sire, with mercy's rod!
Our ſuppliant Souls we pour to thee,
Our laſt appeal in ev'ry plea,
Our Evidence, our Judge, our God!

Unequal to the glorious Theme,
My Sonnet creeps like feeble ſtream,
That down the mountain weeps, and wails
Among the pebbles, as it flows,
Until it ſink in dead repoſe,
Abſorbed in the ſpacious vales.

To a CLERGYMAN, *who complain'd of his* PEOPLE.

THO' (as your lines complain) your audience ſcorn
The Preacher's council and his Maſter's call,
Think not their caſe ſo utterly forlorn,
That they deſerve no paſt'ral care at all.

But as the Sun expends his golden rays
On objects of all kinds, from pole to pole;
So Thou, to Good and Bad, let wiſdom blaze;
Diffuſe the fair ideas o'er each ſoul.

Truth, pow'rful Truth, will ev'ry boſom pierce;
And, like its Patron, who redeem'd mankind,
Will melt the obſtinate, controul the fierce,
Alarm the deaf, illuminate the blind.

"What!" you exclaim, "ſhall I with feeble voice
"Labor divine perſwaſion to apply
"To Him, who only dozes at the noiſe;
"And, downy-wrapt on earth, diſdains the ſky?"

Ah! let him doze!—Awake, he might eſteem
Thy feeble voice, divine perſwaſion, cheap:
So lull'd, he hears an Angel in his dream;
And learns the ſong of *Moſes* in his ſleep.

Much

Much is he charm'd, tho' heedleſs he appears;
As is the careleſs Swain, who, on his hill
Drooping to ſlumber, unattentive hears
The liquid wailings of the paſſing rill.

He wakes refreſh'd, as from divine repoſe,
Thinks ſtill he hears, and liſtens for the note;
Recals the Senſe, acknowledges the cauſe,
And bleſſes the Inſpirer and the Thought.

'Tis by degrees inſenſible and ſlow,
The chryſal worm aſſumes gay wings and flies;
'Tis by the ſame, muſt torpid Sinners grow
Adoring Saints, and holy Seraphs riſe.

O ceaſe not Thou due nutriment to lend,
To let the beam of heavenly wiſdom ſhine!
The reſt to H I M, on whom events depend,
Submit; aſſur'd, a glorious Crown is thine.

The ESTIMATE: or,

Reflexions *on* Temporal Good *and* Evil. 1763.

I. FAITH and Affection juſtly God requires
Of man, ſo form'd with reaſon and deſires.
The Slave in chains, the Monarch on the throne,
The Saint, whom glories amaranthin crown,
The bleſſed Orders of eternal day,
Muſt Him, who rules the univerſe, obey.
Profane Neglect, Concupiſcence and Pride
Plague both offenders and the World beſide;
With deep corruption taint created Good,
Alone dilutable with ſweat and blood.
Neglect, Concupiſence and Pride profane
Made this our ſyſtem, as we find it, vain.
Hence gayeſt life is like a ſunny glade,
Where ev'ry floating vapor flings a ſhade.
But as the vapors, by diſtilling ſhow'rs,
Refreſh the verdures and enrich the flow'rs;
Pains, diſappointments exerciſe the mind,
And render Virtue noble and refin'd;
Benignly temper Pleaſure's fervid breath,
Which elſe, like mildew, ſheds abortive death.

Providence

Providence kindly made our welkin ſcowl,
To wake and awe the dark erroneous ſoul;
Shook into mortal frailty Nature's frame,
Whence all our pains and all our ſorrows came;
Like thorns and brambles, planted when Man fell,
To guard offenders from the road to Hell:
Kindly ſevere to ſave, (O noble view!)
Sinners and thoſe, whom Sinners might undo.
For Sin, o'erflowing, deluge-like extends;
Nor know we where the ſpreading ruin ends.

Then wherefore mourn a Life not over gay;
Fly ſwift, not giddily, my hours away!
Come, uſeful Sorrows! —They, who ſuffer moſt,
May reap an harveſt equal to their coſt:
They, who the Curſe, impos'd in mercy, prove,
May learn to dread God's anger from his love;
And, rais'd by trial arduous and complete,
Become at laſt, by kind correction great.

1. Conſider thoſe, whom God's bleſt ſpirit warm'd;
In whom divine benevolency charm'd;
Fit, as may ſeem, alone for holy Heaven;
Yet to the World for its Salvation given;
Apoſtles, Martyrs; they affliction found!
Their hallow'd blood imbru'd this curſed ground!

See,

See, and with thine compare what ills they bore;
And learn to murmur and blaſpheme no more.

Again, ſee thoſe, to ev'ry miſchief keen;
Who Virtue fiercely injure and malign;
Like ſubtil Vipers, lurking in the duſt,
With deadly venom arm'd to grieve the Juſt;
See thoſe, their grandeur vying with their guilt!
But ponder firſt; then envy, if Thou wilt.

All's by permiſſion of ſupreme decree:
For due probation Sinners muſt be free.
In weight and number ſhall reward be given:
No fraud, no force eludes the Judge of Heaven.

Our bleſt Redeemer, our adored Guide,
Groan'd on a Croſs, and like a felon dy'd.
If He ſo ſuffer'd, when he man became,
Let Folly bluſh to think affliction ſhame.
Affliction choſen thro' regard to *Fit*,
In firm obedience, is divinely great;
At once it ſtrengthens and ſeverely tries
Virtue expos'd, and ſtript of all diſguiſe,
In Life's gymnaſtics to deſerve renown,
And then receive an everlaſting Crown.

Souls, never try'd, may glory as they can,
And raſhly judge; but Trial ſhews the Man.

Say,

Say, what is Virtue, ever calm, unprov'd;
By pain or pleasure scarce a passion mov'd?
What thank have They, what merit, being good,
Who have no plea for erring if they wou'd?
They fair for Pride or Interest may appear,
Kind without cost, and without truth sincere.

Like wild Romancers, pigmy Souls at ease
Monsters create and conquer as they please.
Fantastic children, among Toy-things bred,
Angle for Whales, chain Lions with a thread:
Untutor'd Fancy all its wishes gains,
Nor ever dreams of dangers or of pains.
Thus flatter'd of themselves and others too,
No wonder Pigmies think them Giants true.
Mature Experience better knowledge brings,
Awakes from notions to contemplate Things;
True fear, true fortitude at once inspires;
And warns to rule aversions and desires.

Affliction teaches reason to command;
At once it tries and strengthens us to stand:
While in the Champion, whom oppressions bruise,
Victorious Virtue Heav'n delighted views.

2. "But grant, you cry, some from affliction
"gain
"More good, than recompenses all their pain;
"Does

" Does not affliction often overflow,
" And overwhelm a noble Soul in woe ?"

It does, I grant,—And, while God leaves them free,
Mankind will deviate ; crimes will ever be.
Yet is its End, as fact declares, to prove
Virtue decay'd, and bid repentance move :
Its toils and dangers give us ſtrength and ſkill
To hate and ſhun offences, if we will.
Whoe'er ſuccumb in agony and fear,
In pleaſure likely wou'd be inſincere ;
Perhaps wou'd ſin thro' wanton folly more
Than e'er affliction made them ſin before.
For riches, honors, pleaſures let them pray ;
God knows their Int'reſt better far than they :
To grant their wiſhes were to grant a curſe
So great, that Hell could not inflict a worſe.

Pleaſure or Pain muſt try our Virtue ſtill :
Oft ſouls affected both united feel.
Pleaſure's more dangerous, deſtitute of guard ;
And its ſweet Trial is its own reward.
Pain's more ſecure ; but if intenſe, 'tis dire ;
'Tis like the Chymiſt's purifying fire :
For truth 'tis borne, or can't be ſhun'd at all ;
While Pleaſure's woo'd, tho' to its Votary's fall

So Pain, if virtuous, is chief merit ſtill;
And Pleaſure vicious is the deepeſt ill.
One muſt us try; Then which in Reaſon's view
Is beſt?—Why! Pain is ſafeſt, nobleſt too.

Pain may toſs Virtue, rough, on floods of woe;
Yet ſtill is Pleaſure Virtue's direſt foe.
By furious ſtorms the Veſſel oft is drove
From *Scylla's* rocks and *Circe's* odious love.
Pain may wreck Virtue, true! But Virtue brave
Riſes exalted from the whelming wave:
Inſidious Pleaſure might far worſe beguile;
True *Circe* ſhe, with fatal voice and ſmile!

3. "I ſtill aver, that Fortune might adorn
"The charms of Virtue; and exalt her horn."

Like other Beauties, doubtleſs, Virtue charms
Moſt irreſiſtibly, when ſplendor arms.
But too, too many Fortune's Gifts entice
To leave the Lady for the Harlot, Vice.
What State to pray for underneath the ſun
I cannot tell!——O God! thy will be done!

II. Alas! how futile all, our Fancies frame
Of *Beauty*, *Opulency*, *Honor*, *Fame!*
Obtaining all, and more than thought conceives,
Than *Mah'met* feign'd or Muſſulman believes,

There

There ſtill wants ſomething—O that ſomething!
more
Than Vice attains in all Creation's ſtore!
Nay, Virtue too, is here too far diſtreſs'd
To harbor *Happineſs*, celeſtial Gueſt!
When pure Perfection, foil'd by Sin, withdrew,
The radiant Goddeſs from this region flew.
She dwells on high: her beams Life's frailties
ſhroud;
She only ſhines, by glances, thro' a cloud;
From her celeſtial ſphere ſhe ſcorns to bend;
No earthly charm can tempt her to deſcend:
Deigns not her preſence on a golden throne,
In regal purple, or in ſacred lawn;
Not in a princely coronet enſhrin'd;
Nor with a martial ſhoulder-knot entwin'd;
Fills no gold box, nor blazes in a ſtar;
Rides not huzza'd in corporation chair;
Exhales not from ſtain'd paſte-board at Quadrille;
Soft Beauty's kiſſes, or the Poet's quill.
Not Beauty, Opulency, Empire, Fame,
Include the eſſence of the ſacred dame.
Superb Deluſions! poor vain-glorious boaſt!
By ſeeking them, what Crowds themſelves have
loſt!

1. Survey with candor joys, which them ſupply,
Who glow with Beauty, or for Beauty ſigh.
Advancing

Advancing, lo, the Charmer, ſmiling, young;
Gay *Strephon* liſt'ning to her ſilver tongue:
How fine her features! and how freſhly blows
The ſweeteſt hue of lily blent with roſe!
Her eyes like morn; her cherry lips, like ſpring,
Breath love and odor on the breeze's wing.
See him in extaſy peruſe her charms!
Fix'd, panting, trembling, fainting for her arms.
See her now bluſhing, yielding, while he pleads;
Both fill'd with bliſs, which utterance exceeds.
But, O! the Change!—When paſſions fiercely burn,
Soon cold ſatiety ſucceeds in turn.
Caſt o'er the Soul that dull benumbing chain,
How palls the joy! how grows the union pain!
To all her charms, and ev'n endearments, dead,
He ſoon neglects her ſtale familiar bed;
She (worſe than death!) beholds a Rival rais'd,
And love-enthron'd, where late her glory blaz'd;
Her only portion to deſpair; or worſe,
To retroſpect her folly with remorſe.
Perhaps the youthful She, as foul in mind
As fair in form, proves ſilly, grows unkind;
Is loud, is ſtubborn; neither knows nor cares
For nuptial duties; but by choice ſtill errs:
Her coarſe behaviour renders Both the tale,
The ſpiteful ſport of neighboring Town and Vale.

How

How muſt the Huſband, curſt with ſuch a mate!
Drag life in bitterneſs, and mourn his fate!
Ah, worſe! if yet, more dear than ſelf, his Race
Involv'd are too in ruin and diſgrace!
Wretched indeed! The depth of his diſtreſs
No heart can think, but his; no tongue expreſs.

Beſides, an endleſs changing madneſs rules
The beauteous and the beauty-loving Fools:
The vicious pleaſure, ſoon as gain'd, expires:
Their Life's a chace twixt ſhadows and deſires.
Virtue and Senſe, which make Love's paſſion pure,
Alone exalt the flame and feed it to endure.

Yet deem not Beauty, altho' frail, invain;
Important bleſſings, many, fill her train.
Lively delight ſprings at the charming view;
And ſweetly pleas'd is ſhe in pleaſing you.
Nothing ſo charming in the world we find,
Except the Goddeſs in her beams enſhrin'd,
The heav'nly Soul, endu'd with angel-grace,
Divinely beaming thro' the curious caſe:
And far indeed o'er Beauty we extol
The fair, divinely-amiable Soul.

2. Should you in Opulence with *Cræſus* vie;
And each deſtroying angel ſtill paſs by;

Your

Your dwelling pompous as the coſtly dome,
Where *Mary*'s Idol bends the knees of Rome:
Let views around excel Elyſian ſcenes;
Hills ſweetly ſmile with fineſt blooms and greens;
Vales ſhoot bleſt groves, with chryſtal ſtreams among;
Birds, richly plum'd, extol melodious ſong:
Your ſumptuous table load, each day you dine,
With dainty viands and delicious wine:
Let all your moments gently ſteal away
In quaint amuſement, company and play:
And, when you chuſe at intervals to ride
For rural paſtime, and to blaze your pride,
Let ſtatelieſt ſteeds your gorgeous chariot pull;
And in retinue rival the *Mogul:*
Alas, if Virtue does not gild thy horn,
And manly Wiſdom guide thee and adorn,
In vain does Fortune lend her golden ſhield,
Poor is the pleaſure all theſe luxuries yield.

Yet what can Opulence, but pleaſure give;
And eaſe diſtreſſes, partly, while we live?
Abſtract theſe uſes, millions, golden ſtore,
Are arrant traſh, as pebbles on the ſhore.
And, ah, if tempt they to relinquiſh God,
Abuſe his Creatures and deſerve his rod,
To ſcorn his gracious overtures, and then
Incur his Vengeance—Horror! ſtop my pen!

Not

Not only poor the pleaſure, riches gain;
The Owner's folly makes the bleſſing bane,
When no fair child of wealth the Fool can bleſs,
But the baſe-born inchantreſs, lewd Exceſs.
Exotic-like the puny tendril grows;
The chymic eſſence ill betrays the noſe;
At Firſt, a fragrant redolence inſtils;
But, long continu'd, pangs corrodes and kills.

Pleaſure, indeed, I wou'd not diſcommend,
Were ſhe not often a perfidious friend:
Nor ſpurn at riches, heap'd in due degree,
Pernicious neither to the ſtate nor me.
I grant fair Pleaſure's blandiſhments ſhould draw,
But ever modifi'd by wiſdom's law.
Propenſe to err, temerity is ſuch,
Some love the Dame too little, ſome too much.
You need no inſtance: If you do, behold
The Miſer's tatters and the Fribble's gold.
Or note a contraſt more affecting yet,
The frozen Nun, and all-inflam'd Coquette.
Lo, Both, whate'er they ſpeciouſly pretend,
Are vain Contemners of great Nature's end:
'Tis plain, that Nature meant the courſe between
To mind ends noble, nor forget the mean.
All paſſions tend, if rightly underſtood,
To Individual, univerſal Good.

Int'reſt

Int'reſt combines the univerſal Frame;
For individuals mutual ſuccor claim.
The truly wiſe endeavor mutual eaſe;
Are always pleas'd, and always aim to pleaſe:
Their paſſions all, in Charity, obey
The Holy Monarch's beatific ſway.

Virtue, which under pain is leaſt diſtreſt,
Can alſo reliſh real pleaſure beſt.
Without it, pleaſure is not only vain;
But fatal too, more dangerous than pain:
With it, does pleaſure happily improve;
And grow divine, and ſoar to holy Love,
The perfect pleaſure, *That*, where all ſhou'd aim,
The heav'nly Happineſs, the Bliſs ſupreme.
With Virtue, Riches purchaſe pure delight;
Repel diſtreſs and inſolence and ſpight;
Extended piouſly to Mis'ry's aid,
Purchaſe pure joy and glory, ne'er to fade.
Such noble benefits by Virtue flow
From things, which, Vice-abus'd, pour endleſs woe.

3. Suppoſe you Empire happineſs complete?
Your wiſh be crown'd: Go mount the regal ſeat!
The proud Aſſyrian ſhall revive in Thee:
Adoring Nations hail and bend the knee.

Remoteſt

Remoteſt ſhores and undiſcover'd waves
Shall uſher myriads, falling prone thy ſlaves.
Thy pompous palace ev'ry Clime ſhall fill
With Nature's pride, with Art's ſublimeſt ſkill:
Fiſh yield their pearls, their ſpice the balmy Trees;
Thy Spinners, Worms; thy Potters, the Chineſe:
Painting the magic of her hand diſplay;
And plaſtic Sculpture, all but life convey:
The poliſh'd needle and the florid loom,
Conſpire to deck and glorify thy room:
Not all the grandeurs of Imperial ſtate
Can charm a pain, or ſtay one ſtroke of fate:
Immenſe dependencies and arduous care
Permit not happineſs to enter there:
Firm Virtue hardly bears from ſinking down
Beneath the dizzy circle of a Crown.

Kings, who for Evil rule, contemning laws,
Make war on ſubjects, direr than on foes:
Not worſe the crime of ſubjects, who rebel,
When patriot Kings, revering laws, rule well.
As Small for Great, ſo Great exiſt for Small:
If muſt ſome periſh, better one than all.
Juſtice ſhou'd govern! Tyrants, paſt debate,
Are the worſt Rebels, Traitors to the State:
A Right divine his pow'r to miſapply
The Greateſt Cæſar had no more than I.

Jehovah

JEHOVAH reigns! Inferior Lords ſhou'd know
Him only abſolute, Him Source of law.
Forever juſt is all, that He ordains;
Good univerſal his deſign, He reigns.

If little Villains ſwing by one conſent,
While great ones glory in a monument;
'Tis Fortune's triumph. Peep behind the ſcene:
Wou'd you be *Dives*, Sir, or *Lazarus* then?
Stripp'd off the armor, Goddeſs Fortune gave,
Th' *Achilles* toſſes on a fiery wave;
A blaſted wreck on the infernal Sea,
As furious and implacable as He.

The Villain, who dominion does attain,
Is a deſtructive curs'd Leviathan;
Lewdly enjoying his enormous ſtate,
His mercy's cruel, and, his love like hate:
Profuſe beneficence and lofty praiſe
From him are fatal, as a lure betrays.
Againſt conviction, arm'd with pow'r and wealth,
He madly riots, while indulg'd with health;
Derides the Ruler of the ſtarry ſphere,
With all the righteous hope, the wicked fear;
'Till, ſeiz'd by death, his ſoul to hell is hurl'd,
His memory curſed by an injur'd world.

Glorious

Glorious indeed is pow'r, employ'd to bleſs;
To puniſh Vice and to relieve diſtreſs:
Hence virtuous Rulers ſhall for ever ſhine
Beatify'd in glory, crown'd divine.

4. How oft do they, whoſe ſouls to Fame aſpire,
Incur deſtruction in their fond deſire?
Few, while they live, obtain the boon, they crave;
And blows Fame loud, who hears her in the grave?
Oft, cou'd her trumpet ſhake the unbrac'd drum,
Curſes and ſcoffs wou'd dread as thunder come;
Nor cou'd her ſweeteſt harmony aſſwage
One penal pang, or ſooth a Dæmon's rage.

In common ſenſe, what can the Hero claim?
Fool, Madman, Murderer, killing, kill'd, for Fame!
Supremely mad! his ſoul, in ev'ry ſpring,
Aſpires to miſchief, worthy of a King:
The very ſcenes of his amuſement ſhew
His love of horror and delight in woe:
Like Engliſh *Edward*, or olympian *Jove*,
In flame and thunder he addreſſes love;
Before God's altar, clad in armor, ſtands;
To the Creator ſpreads deſtroying hands:
His Perſon, palace and magnific car
Wear all alike the boiſterous air of war.

Ah,

Ah, how his ſentiments will change with place!
What's glory now will then emerge diſgrace.
When He no more ſhall cruelly annoy,
When the deſtroyer fiends and worms deſtroy,
His glory ſhall be ſhame: He then ſhall find
Each gall-fill'd meaſure meted back in kind.
The ſumptuous Caſtle, which his folly built
To bear his name (grand monument of guilt!)
Shall ſtand deſerted, 'till the trophy'd wall,
Beſieg'd with Vengeance, into ruin fall;
Grown o'er with ivy, rooſt obſceneſt fowls;
A lodge of ſerpents, and a court of owls.
One Clown amuſing others, as from work
He ſtrides along and ſwings his ſhoulder'd fork,
Cries—"Here liv'd *Bravo*; ſuch his martial life;
"Such his domain; and ſuch a one his Wife,"
As cordial joy the ſtory now affords
From lips of Clowns as from the lips of Lords.
So Glory ſets!—The Grave (by lawful claim)
The Carcaſe ſwallows; and Oblivion, Fame.

But they, who, truly brave, War's front defy,
Greatly reſolv'd to conquer or to die,
Who not for Fame alone, but in diſdain
Of haughty wrongs, tyrannic pride to rein,
Obey the trump, when Juſtice bids obey;
And but for mercy ſternly draw and ſlay;

Divinely

Divinely rous'd in Virtue's cauſe to deal
The keen impreſſions of deciſive ſteel:
Such may indulge their paſſion for Renown:
Their generous pride celeſtial wreaths ſhall crown.

All paſſions, which with God's imperial Will
Concur devoutly, muſt be laudable.
As all are impious, and to mis'ry tend,
Without deſign'd ſubſervience to that end.

The tuneful Poet, who ſublimely ſings
Of Beauties, Heroes, Patriots, Nobles, Kings,
(If Adulation, with perſwaſive tongue,
Demurely ſervile, patronizes wrong;
Or Satire, fell, ſhall on the worthy pour
Opprobrious paſquils with demoniac roar)
May reap a harveſt to his culture due
Offence from Many, but applauſe from Few.
Nor muſt the Genius, like a comet-flame,
Eccentric ſoaring, adoration claim:
That, like the Sun, which from a conſtant ſphere
Effulgent beams, enliv'ning all the year,
Deſerves applauſe; and there will mortals vow
Their beſt devotion to the laurell'd brow.
Fame's gaudieſt plumes perhaps too often wing
Thoſe poiſon'd arrows on Jehovah's ſtring,
Immoral Poets; while the crowd deſpiſe
His choiceſt bleſſings in the good and wiſe.

Vain

Vain ſenſeleſs world! how little doſt thou know
Thy real good! O worthy of thy woe!
But ſhort's the date of that perverſe applauſe,
Which from a local, temporal, folly flows:
Succeeding times, unprejudic'd, deteſt
The poiſon ſtrong, and ſcorn the feeble jeſt;
And blame their Fathers, tho' themſelves purſue,
With equal folly, bards as bad, but new.

Ye high-ſoul'd bards! weigh vulgar praiſe and blame;
Weigh and contemn the ſtupid buzz of Fame;
Contemn her poor erroneous hate and love:
Revere the righteous Arbiter above:
Next him, the Few of ſenſe and candor prize;
And only dread the cenſure of the wiſe:
Hence ſhall ye win the nobleſt crown of Fame,
A genuine glory, ſanctify'd from ſhame;
Truly immortal; which, when Earth decays,
In Heav'n ſhall riſe, and ſhine with ten-fold blaze.

5. Behold in Nature's preſent uſual courſe,
Vice leads to meaneſs, mis'ry and remorſe.
Thoſe vicious paſſions, violent as blind,
Which touch the rights and beings of mankind;
Which rove for pleaſure, ſtruggle to look down
On bending mobs, or call more dirt their own;

Such

Such muſt the eſſence of true bliſs deſtroy;
Diſquiet ſelf, ſociety annoy.
Paſſions ridiculous alſo make unbleſt;
Altho' their chief concernment is a jeſt.
The vain Coquette, when beauty fades, cou'd die;
The Dotard trembles, if a Raven cry:
The Courtier and the Lover dread a frown:
The Poet dreads the Cenſure of the Town:
A thronged *Smithfield* or unwelcome Air
Afflicts the Farmer with profound deſpair;
Not that he wants, but wiſhes—(no great harm)
To be, at length, the Landlord of a Farm:
Juſt as the Landlord, anxious to be great,
With reſtleſs ardor meditates a Seat.

But comfort here! If ſuch vain whimſies teaze;
New toy or ditty will the Baby pleaſe.
Call *Pyrrha* charming: For *Canidia's* ail
Apply ſome ſlander or prodigious tale:
The careleſs ſmile, a Wanton flings away,
Will ſerve to make her dying Lover gay:
That pow'rful nod, which golden days portends,
Inchants the Courtier to forget his friends:
The Farmer bowzes, if the Market's dear;
The choſen Patriot is, in hope, a Peer.

6. To

6. To view man's little, mean, prepoſterous aims
And vain importance, modeſty aſhames.
To view this grand, immenſe, ſtupendous Frame,
And muſe the pow'r and goodneſs whence it came,
Sinks man to nothing!—When thy works I ſee,
O God! I wonder thou regardeſt me!
For men to boaſt of Wiſdom and of Worth,
Yet not adore the Lord of Heav'n and Earth,
How mad! how vain!—Do not all bleſſings fall
From that right hand, which opening filleth all?
Who can be ſo ungenerous to offend
So good a Lord, ſo bountiful a Friend?
Who dares againſt that Majeſty rebel,
Which frowning kills, which breathing kindles Hell?

7. If vile illuſions captivate the heart;
Alas! they well compenſate the deſert;
For baubles if we ſtudy, toil and bleed,
They all forſake us in our greateſt need;
Leave us to learn too late, and long lament,
Folly is juſtly its own puniſhment.
Thoſe gewgaw trifles, priz'd in health and eaſe,
In pain and ſorrow loſe the charm to pleaſe.
Earth's nobleſt Comforts, at the dying hour,
Seem names, not natures, Phantoms without pow'r.

And

And oft, what vainly we as Virtue boaſt,
Emerges then but venial ſin at moſt.
The leaſt good action, worthy of a Saint,
A cup of of water to relieve the faint,
Scoop'd from the ſurface of a bubbling ſpring,
Excels the glories of the *Pruſſian* King.

Say, what the meed, the deepeſt villain gains
By all his guilty artifice and pains?
In vain the wretch for happineſs contends:
No happineſs finds He, who God offends.
No!—When Illuſion, vaniſhing, is fled,
Joy ſhuns his dwelling, and repoſe his bed:
He wiſhes oft, and ſeeks, thro' his own blood,
Annihilation, as the only good.

8. O what is Happineſs? Thou Muſe divine!
Declare; for Thou canſt tell: The light is thine!

9. No Circumſtances Happineſs create,
Without a Temper ſuited to the ſtate:
No Temper, without Circumſtances fit,
And ſocial Aid, finds happineſs complete:
Heav'n wiſely plac'd what *Happineſs* we call,
In *Plenty*, *Health* and *Rectitude* in *All*.
Plenty and *Health* on *Rectitude* depend;
Becauſe *Probation* is the *ſovereign End*.

10. Ah, then! what hope in this depraved
ſtate,
Where vicious Love engenders vicious Hate;
And vicious Hate and Love break Nature's Law,
Which juſtly dooms Depravity to woe?
What can we hope?—Why, juſt the fate we find!
Convinc'd of this, my Soul! be all reſign'd!

11. *Virtue*, fair image of th' Almighty Sire,
Conſent divine of reaſon and deſire,
Virtue refin'd, ev'n chriſtian light and love,
Sent with the Holy Spirit from above,
Virtue alone can happineſs receive;
Virtue alone true happineſs can give.
No demonſtration plainer! All *Delight*
Conſiſts in *Love*; And *Virtue*, loving Right,
(Supremely *God*, then *All*, above, below,
In *due degree*; *due Love of All we know*)
Virtue alone can with *delight* impel
To follow *Duty*, and be *pleaſed well:*
Virtue alone, purſuing *Duty's* road,
Can claim *benevolence* from Man or God:
Virtue alone can ſweet *Communion ſhare*
With God and Saints; and *perfect glory bear.*
This all is plain: And juſt is it as clear,
That *Vice* admits *no happineſs ſincere.*

Vice

Vice muſt be wretched: for the leaſt degree
Of mere *Reluctance* ſmacks of miſery:
And bold *Rebellion*, ſeizing guilty joys,
The more it proſpers, more itſelf deſtroys.
Admit it triumphs on this curſed ball,
Remuneration ſoon will ſettle all.
If *Virtue* groans; with pious patience wait
That grand deciſion of a *future ſtate:*
God will in *that*, whate'er men do in *this*,
Doom *Vice* to *woe*, and *Virtue* crown with *bliſs*:
In endleſs *woe* ſhall wicked Souls be bound;
All plagu'd, all plaguing, ſunk in *Hell* profound:
Eternal *bliſs* the Righteous ſhall enjoy,
Uprais'd to *Heav'n*, the new-born earth and ſky:
All bleſs'd, all bleſſing, as God's laws ordain,
Bliſs ſhall fill all, and God delighted reign.

12. O God! I aſk not Pleaſures, Honors, Wealth!
Grant Competence, Tranquillity and Health!
But whether ſtorm or ſunſhine intervene,
Almighty Father, Virtue grant within!
O grant me Virtue! my ſupreme requeſt!
I know, that Virtue muſt at laſt be bleſt:
I know that Thou, moſt righteous Lord! at laſt,
Wilt fully recompenſe all trials paſt;

Wilt

Wilt love thy lovers, with indulgence own,
With favor comfort, and with glory crown:
O grant me Virtue to extent divine!
Until my ſoul thy perfect Image ſhine!
Then kindle, Vengeance; and, from pole to pole,
Devoted Worlds to ſecond Chaos roll;
I, fix'd on Thee, the everlaſting Rock,
Will ſtand, unmov'd, the univerſal ſhock!

AN ODE.

BE ſtill, ſporting flocks; lowly ſilent obey!
O liſten, ye careleſs! come home, ye that ſtray!
Your ſhepherd he calls, who your hunger ſupplies
By day and by night, ever watchful his eyes.
O'er the vales and the mountains he gently does lead
To paſtures of health, where you joyfully feed:
There ſuffers his lambs unmoleſted to rove
By rivers of pleaſure, and fountains of love.
The ſimple he warneth, when danger appears;
The weak in his boſom he tenderly rears;

And

And ſupports, as he ſlowly conducts her along,
The heavy-pac'd female, that's laden with young.
The blood-thirſty wolf is both cunning and bold;
But his angry voice frights the wolf from the fold.
The bear and the lion, he cruſhes their jaws,
And reſcues the prey from their mercileſs paws.
Nor this for your welfare your ſhepherd diſdains:
Be grateful, ye flocks! and compenſate his pains.
From his fold or his paſtures ne'er careleſly ſtray;
But love your good ſhepherd, his calling obey.
The wanton, the wand'ring, forgetful poor ſheep,
The wolf may deſtroy, or a fall from a ſteep.
'Tis ſafeſt and happieſt to feed and to lie
Not far from his ſide, nor from under his eye.

AN ODE.

SEE! ſee! the lovely roſy Morn
Diffuſe prolific beams
O'er flow'ry meadows, ſpringing corn,
And painted ſilver ſtreams;

While rove the flocks o'er hill and dale,
With herb luxuriant ſpread;
And blooming foreſts to the gale
Delicious odors ſhed,

Methinks

Methinks again fair *Eden* grows,
Her ſcenes and pleaſures dawn,
As at Creation's birth ſhe roſe,
When firſt the day-ſpring ſhone.

See! Love and Pleaſure now preſide,
Great Nature's chief delight!
All ſeem to boaſt immortal pride,
And hope eternal light.

O Pow'r immenſe! that ſtill ſupplies,
At wiſdom's vaſt expence,
Glories, exciting, grand ſurprize:
But why recal them hence?

Has Innocence ſuch charms with thee?
For her is all this coſt?
When man profan'd thy ſacred tree,
She fled,—The world was loſt.

Yes!—Innocence my God admires;
Where'er ſhe deigns to dwell,
His preſence happineſs inſpires;
If abſent ſhe—'tis hell.

Ye lovely viſions! (for no more
Subſtantial good I call)

Sweet

Bleſt Innocence diſdains our ſhore,
Then periſh muſt ye all.

'Tis but a gleam of Grace beſtows
This bloom on life decay'd:
All tranſient like the Summer roſe,
All flouriſh, and all fade.

Soon Death ſhall force the painful ſigh,
And load the mournful bier;
To beauty ſhut the charmed eye,
To melody the ear.

Low wrapt in hallow'd mould ſhall ſleep
The ſwain, forgot his lay.
No boſom heave, no eye-lid weep!
Prepare and come away!

ODE. *To Muſic.*

MUSIC, tune thy ſilver ſtrings!
Notes melodious, gently roll!
Softly, ſoftly, wake the Soul,
Awake her ſympathetic ſprings!

Slow

Slow and tender, ſweet and ſhrill,
With pleas'd and mild attention fill:
Strong and bolder when they grow,
We feel the boſom beat and glow;
Joy, joy through all the nerves rebounds,
Which dance and thrill to charming ſounds.

Pleaſure like the virgin's breaſt,
Fond and chaſte, and ſoft and gay,
Inſpires the paſſions of the bleſt,
And chaſes ruder thoughts away.
Virtue lifts her brow ſerene:
Chearful Peace and raptur'd Love
Adorn the bright inchanting ſcene,
As on a feſtive day above.

Away! far hence away! Prophane!
Defile not Muſic's purer breath:
Your ſkill may gratify the vain,
And chear the odious ways of death.
Think not joy to you confin'd;
Brutes poſſeſs a brutal mind:
To ſordid natures filth is ſweet;
So folly goes with fools for wit:
Ravens admire the croaking voice;
The meaner taſte, the meaner choice.

But

But happier natures, mov'd by finer ſprings,
(Like weaned lambs, that nicely feed
On choiceſt herbs, in freſheſt mead;
Or bees, that ſip the blooming thyme)
Enjoy a reliſh more ſublime,
Which pureſt pleaſure brings.

Away, Auſtere! whoſe peeviſh pride,
Another's pleaſure can't abide;
With ſpite and cenſure like to burſt,
With baſe ill-nature greatly curſt;
Leaſt virtuous, when ye moſt pretend
To act and ſpeak as Virtue's friend.

Be mine the pleaſing ſocial road
Thro' nature's flowrieſt paths to God.
With modeſt awe I'll cull each ſweet,
And ſpread my thanks before his feet.

ODE. *To Muſic.*

WHEN firſt the mild Orient, from mountain top ſeen,
Strews heaven with roſes, beſpangles the green,
The

The Shepherd his rural employment renews;
From his cott, ſee! his footſteps have bruſh'd off
the dews.
His call wakes the village, his fold open ſtands;
His ſnowy-fleec'd innocents whiten the lands.
In air, the wing'd ſongſters mix'd voices employ;
The groves how melodious! the fields laugh with
joy!
The gloſſy-bloom'd flow'rets depaſtur'd with bees,
All hums around Carmel, and trills the ſoft
breeze.
His mellow pipe tunes, and the hollow vale fills
With muſic, which echo prolongs in the hills.
He ſooths his own boſom, and vents to the air
The paſſion he ſhames to reveal to the Fair:
And thus, if his Shepherdeſs ſcornful appears,
He ſteals to her heart, while he pleaſes her ears:
The maids of the village attentive ſtand ſtill,
Forgotten the milk-pail, the diſtaff, and wheel;
All panting and ſighing, the Shepherd's notes roll
So tunefully tenderly ſtrong on the ſoul.

In Pleaſure's pomps, and gay reſorts,
'Tis Muſic's pow'rful ſong
Diſpels the artificial cares of Courts,
And all the pale-ey'd throng.

Joy,

Joy, enraptur'd joy ſhe brings,
And blameleſs joy inſpires;
Love quivers round on purple wings,
And all the ſocial grand Deſires.
Without her briſk inſpiring airs,
The ſplendid ſcenes would fade;
Ev'n Pleaſure languiſh with fantaſtic cares,
And ſighing droop her ornamented head.

When to the ſacred Dome we go,
And tread with decent rev'rence hallow'd ground,
Like ſome good angel's voice the ſolemn organs blow,
And waft our ſouls to heav'n amid the ſound.
Holy gratitude and love
Holy as the flames above,
From pure ſeraphic fires,
Riſe, from ev'ry boſom riſe,
A grateful incenſe to the ſkies,
While Muſic's breath inſpires.

Myſterious pow'r of tuneful ſound!
Thyſelf a proof of what thou tell'ſt abroad!
What ear ſo dull hath heard thee, and not found
In thee the good, the wiſe, the pow'rful God?

An Hymn.

NEver-failing, overflowing,
Fountain of celeſtial joy!
Numberleſs thy gifts beſtowing,
Ev'ry moment we enjoy.

How forgetful, how ungrateful,
Vain and ſcornful are we?
How provoking, and how hateful,
Are the thoughts of man to thee!

Wrapt in buſineſs, or in pleaſure,
For this world, this age, we live:
Better thoughts require more leiſure
Than our appetites will give.

Whence, ah whence! this inconſiſtence?
Man's firſt wiſh is to obtain
Endleſs, happy, bright exiſtence:
Why neglect the means to gain?

Proves not this an erring creature?
Reaſon, call th' eternal pow'r
To enlighten, ſtrengthen nature,
And thy proper end ſecure.

Childiſh

Childiſh ever thou, unaided;
Ever confident, yet wrong;
Humourſome, and ſcarce perſuaded
By thy Maker's warning tongue.

Holy Spirit! be thy dwelling,
In my boſom's humble ſhrine!
Luminary, far excelling
All the orbs that brightly ſhine!

Tho' with curious inclination,
Human ſcience I explore;
Shew me, chief, thy great ſalvation,
Teach me purely to adore.

Other knowledge all muſt vaniſh;
All its uſes center here:
Pious knowledge will repleniſh,
And adorn our heav'nly ſphere.

Blind, how blind with all our ſcience!
Profit pays not half the toil:
Nature yields no brib'd compliance;
Deep ſhe hides the precious ſpoil.

Truths unuſeful or undoing,
Sacred Providence does hide;

Kindly

Kindly ſtays us from our ruin,
Mortifies our fooliſh pride.

Tho' with curious inclination,
Human ſcience I explore;
Shew me, ſhew me, thy ſalvation!
Teach me purely to adore.

DAVID'S *Song of* TRIUMPH.

ARISE!

Ariſe, JEHOVAH! with thy awful nod
Scatter thy trembling enemies abroad!
Like chaff in whirlwinds borne away,
The Wicked in thy wrath decay.

Him, lo! the glorious Cherubs bore:
On wings of rapid winds He came:
Fury and Terror flew before;
Earth ſhook, and Heav'n's eternal frame!

Horrid darkneſs roll'd around;
Tumultuous back the roaring Ocean fled,
And naked left his oozy bed;
Blue lightnings flam'd along the ground.

Our

Our enemies in diſarray,
Pale and crying, fled away.

JEHOVAH is my ſtrength and pow'r,
My lamp of unextinguiſhable light,
My ſhield, my rock, my lofty tow'r;
He guards my life, and guides my ways aright.

Train'd by his almighty care,
Invincible I ruſh to war;
Swifter than the mountain roe,
Stronger than the ſtrongeſt bow.

I have purſu'd—I have deſtroy'd—
I turned not again,
Until my ſlaughter'd enemies lay void
Of genial life, in heaps upon the plain.

My vanquiſh'd foes no more ſhall riſe:
Their necks beneath my foot-ſteps lie.
Omnipotence, which rules the ſkies,
Shall ſet his ſervant's glory high.

Then thanks, JEHOVAH! thanks to Thee,
Whoſe tender mercy ſets me free!
To Earth's remoteſt ends I'll ſing
Thy praiſes, great eternal King!

AN

An Hymn.

O Riſe, my ſoul! and riſe, my ſong!
Inſpiring rapture bear along!
On wings of heav'nly joy I ſoar,
The Throne Almighty to adore!

O place me far above the wrongs
Of cruel hearts, and buſy tongues;
Above the reach of hate and guile,
The tyrant's frown, the traitor's ſmile!

Then will thy ſervant, Lord, proclaim
Thy awful laws to the remoteſt ſhore;
And people, ſtrangers to thy holy name,
Thee, Thee, O God eternal, ſhall adore!

Praiſe, O my ſoul! extol his praiſe!
His faithful promiſe cannot fail.
Illumin'd with his glorious rays,
And ſtrengthen'd, I ſhall ſtill prevail.

O! for his honor zealous be;
He never can be falſe to thee.
So when theſe ruins of this world
Shall be again to Chaos hurl'd,
And vengeance flame with wrath divine,
Peace, joy, and glory, ſhall be thine.

On the *Divine Wiſdom* in diſtributing *Pleaſure* and *Pain*.

A Fragment.

BEhold how wiſely *pains* and *pleaſures* blend,
To keep us ſteady to the ſovereign End!

See fools of rapture, flaming to purſue
Joys, fancy paints in faſcinating view,
Scarce ſooner ſiezing the deluſive charm,
Than all their ardor latent banes diſarm.

Nay, ev'n the wiſe, who but indulge as fit
In ſober joys, which are moſt exquiſite,
At frequent intervals find ſome allay
Suggeſt, they are but Beings of a day.

As in that ſeaſon, when the greens and blooms
Clothe Nature gay, and freſhly breathe perfumes,
Each bird of muſic amorous carol ſings;
And Inſect-lovers friſk on filmy wings;
So gentle youth as careleſly employ
Unnumber'd days in ſprightly acts of joy:
Yet oft the floating cloud and chilling blaſt
Foretel th' arrival of old age at laſt.

On that delight, which finer ſpirits know
In ſocial union, friendſhip's tender glow,

(That dear delight, if ought on earth be dear,
To make a parting worthy of a tear,
To heave the boſom with a longing ſigh,
Or cauſe one wiſh to linger when we die)
On that delight, alas, what ills attend!
Thoſe ſharpeſt ills, derived from a friend!
At beſt the bleſſing hangs on chance and breath;
While oft th' attending woes are worſe than death.

Perhaps too few have any ſoul at all
For what, with emphaſis, we *friendſhip* call:
Dull, or diverted by ſome vulgar flame,
Few riſe to friendſhip's elevated aim.
Intereſt's careſſes, Vanity's pretence
And Envy's wiles admit no friendly ſenſe.
Ev'n ardent ſouls, which friendly ſeem to burn,
Oft waſte, and grow more aſhes in the urn;
Or, like a wandering meteorous fire,
By ſudden glances kindle and expire.

Great *Alexander*, greatly mad and vain,
Stab'd his dear friend, then wept his *Clytus* ſlain;
So numbers do!—Alas, it boots to know
How more a friend is cruel than a Foe.
Beware of friendſhips!—the capricious ſhun!
What ends in pain were better ne'er begun.

Friendſhip's

Friendſhip's the moſt ſublime of bleſſings given
To man, the neareſt in approach to Heaven;
But nobleſt things, perverted, grow the worſt.
To find our Heav'n a Hell is moſt accurſt,

O happy they, who, worthy friendſhip's name,
United long, are conſtantly the ſame!
Like rows of columns, ſome fair ſtructure's baſe,
Each lends to each at once ſupport and grace:
Or liker ſtars, whoſe mutual pulſes keep
Their gyres undevious thro' th' etherial deep,
They move harmonious ſhedding genial fire,
'Till, as ſhall ſtars, they glorioufly expire.
Such happy ſouls, ev'n when their joys are ſpent,
Repoſe in union, full of ſweet content:
Their tranquil tempers feel no ruder woe,
Than thoſe, which age and frailty muſt beſtow;
And pure contentment oft prolongs their ſtay
In life, 'till late, when calm they glide away.
Happy are they, if Happineſs e'er deigns
To caſt one beam on earth's devoted plains.

But ah, theſe higheſt joys can only move
To wiſh for joys eternal, far above!
They ſoon paſs by; they juſt ſalute the heart,
Awake the warm deſire, and then depart.

No

No ſkill no might exempts the wiſe and brave
From frailty's law, from mis'ry and the grave.
Great *Mithridates*, wiſe as well as great,
And brave as wiſe, experienc'd dire defeat:
Ev'n poiſon's pow'r his ſcience cou'd repel;
But by an executioner he fell.
Whilſt rude *Goliath* boaſts gigantic ſtrength,
A pebble lays him ſhivering at his length.

Such are the frailties, roſe in evil hour,
To ſhew Sin's nature, God's avenging pow'r:
Severe but kind monitions, vice to quell;
And virtue try and ſtrengthen, to excel;
In due ſubſervience to the glorious plan
Of trying, and at laſt redeeming man.

FINIS.

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